A Mosquito Conundrum.

Why am I like mosquitoes, dear,
That you have killed?" he sighed,
Because you won't go hum, I fear,"
The sleepy maid replied.

"That isn't it—please try once more."
"Well, then, you're like," said she,
"Mosquitoes, for they always bore."
"You're wrong again," said he.

Because they come 'round every night,
And are a nuisance, too?"
'Oh, no, my love; the reason right
Is that I'm mashed on you."

"What does that mean?" she asked. While he
Explained she gently coughed,
Oh, now I understand," laughed she—
"You're mashed because you're soft."

A Sermon in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praise long,
Why should one who thrills your heart,
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

"AN OLD NUISANCE."

Mind, I quote those three words. They are none of mine. Only, thinking over three or four equally appropriate titles, I chose the one I use as being the oddest, and I always had a fancy for odd things. And now for my story.

On what my aunt (by marriage) and her family founded their claims to aristocracy I never could discover. My uncle had been a merchant, it is true, and one of considerable prominence in his day, I had been told, and so had been his father before him, and his father's father before that. That his business in his most prosperous time was intimately connected with China is impressed upon my mind (I became an inmate of his house when I was about six years of age, in consequence of the death of both my parents within a week of each other, leaving me with no means of support, and no other relative) by the fact that every first of June saw bright new mattings laid on our floors, to remain there until cold weather came again, and that our mantels and whatnots were decorated with many pretty, dainty little porcelain cups, thin as eggshells—rarities in those days, but in these plenty and cheap enough.

Now, according to all I have learned on the subject, real Simon Pure aristocrats look down upon trade even on the grandest scale, and never have anything to do with it further than once in a while marrying one of its sons or daughters who have come into possession of millions enough to offset the honor.

However, our family (I venture to include myself, none of my cousins being within hearing) assumed all the airs of the "blue bloods" of the old country.

Eleanor, our second, wore a look of deep indignation for several days after a manly, clever, good-looking fellow, the brother of one of her old schoolmates, with a considerable income, but who was junior partner of a firm keeping a retail store on Sixth avenue, proposed for her hand.

"The presumption of the man!" she exclaimed, raising her arched eyebrows in astonishment, and curling her full red upper lip in scorn; "to imagine for a moment that because I honored him with my company to the opera two or three times, I would marry him! If his business had been wholesale, it would have been bad enough; but fancy a person who sells pins and needles by the paper and lace by the yard! Never! I would die first."

Minerva, our fourth, was equally horror-stricken at the effrontery of a young bookkeeper whom her brother Laurence had introduced into the family circle—a rare thing for one of her brothers to do, for, like all other men, as far as my limited experience goes, they scarcely ever thought their companions to be good enough to be the companions of their sisters—when he ventured to express his admiration for her. The young man soon after succeeded to a very handsome property, and became a great swell—"a perfect too-too," as I believe the fashionable way of expressing it now is—a kind of being after Minerva's own heart; but she was never invited to ride behind his fast horses, and what was much worse, never again asked to take the head of his table.

And in like manner the graceful and enthusiastic professor of music, the stout, good-natured proprietor of the extensive iron-works ("wholesale and retail") on the next block, the young artist, who has since risen to wealth and fame, and sundry others, all falling short of the aristocratic standard set up by our family, were snubbed by my lady cousins, aided by their brothers, and not wholly unassisted by their mother. I never had had, at the time this story commences, being then in my eighteenth year, a chance to snub any one; for, lacking the personal attractions of my relatives, as well as their "high-toned" natures—truth to tell, having decidedly democratic tendencies—I was kept in the background on all occasions.

Let it be remarked in passing that Eleanor eventually married, when rather an old girl, a widower, in the milk business—very wholesale, however—the father of four children. At the same time Minerva, a few years younger, deigned to become the wife of an elderly bachelor, something or other in a shoe manufactory. But they held their heads as high as ever, and declared they had sacrificed themselves for the family, uncle having failed for the second time—through no fault of his own, dear old man—a few months before the double wedding.

That their "sacrifice" was for the good of the family I don't deny; but there still were left at home to be taken care of after their departure three old maids, a young one, and two helpless young men, who, having been brought up to do nothing, did it to perfection.

After the failure uncle got a situation as superintendent of one of the many departments in the large establishment of the gentleman who sold "pins and needles by the paper and lace by the yard" (he was now head of the firm, and had a pretty, lady-like wife and two pretty children), and we dismissed one of our servants and moved into a much smaller house.

But in spite of all our efforts at economy our income proved vastly inadequate to our expenses, and this was the cause of so much bewailing and bemoaning that our house seemed to be bereft of all gladness and sunshine. And one evening after Ethel, our youngest daughter, had burst into tears because aunt had declared it would be impossible to have ice cream, meringues, jellies and similar dainties every day for dessert, for the two sufficient reasons that we couldn't afford them and our present cook couldn't make them, I ventured to suggest to the weeping damsel that if she found life positively unbearable without the above-named luxuries (all the Egberts, by-the-bye, were extravagantly fond of good things to eat), she might knit and crochet some of the worsted articles she was in the habit of making so artistically for herself and sell them to—" Mr. Lee, uncle's employer, I was about to say, when I was interrupted by a shrill shriek.

"Work for a store!" she cried. "I'd starve first."

"You wretched girl!" added my aunt. "How dare you even think of such a thing? Ethel, my darling, calm yourself."

"It is not enough that strangers should presume upon our poverty," joined in Cleanthe, also frowning upon me, "but one bound to us by ties of blood, though it must be confessed more alien than many a stranger would be, must advance ideas that shock and wound us. Imagine"—turning to her brother Roland, who lay on the only lounge in the room, complacently regarding himself in the mirror on the opposite wall—"that impertinent Mrs. Bradshaw coming here this morning with the air of doing a kindness, too, to offer me a position in her academy!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Roland, springing to his feet—and the cause must be a mighty one that brings Roland to his feet. "One of my sisters a teacher! Great heavens!" and he went stamping about the room in the new suit of clothes aunt had just paid for by parting with her handsome pearl ring.

"Whatever is done, we can do nothing," sobbed Ethel.

"Of course not," replied Roland, grandly; "the women of our family never work."

I thought to myself, "Nor the men neither, except poor old uncle, who is fagging at a desk from morning until night."

"But our income must be increased," said Alethea, looking up from her novel and joining in the conversation for the first time. Alethea was our eldest, and still wore her hair in the fashion of her youth, a loose curl dangling over each cheek-bone, being fully persuaded that no other fashion was half so graceful or becoming.

"Discharge the chambermaid," proposed Ethel, "and let Dorothea" (I am Dorothea) "do her work. It is about all she is fit for. She never had a bit of fine feeling or style about her."

"No, she never had; she always would bite her bread," sighed my aunt, "and she has seemed sadly out of place among my children. She comes of a working race, and her ideas and tastes all smack of trade—trade—trade." I discovered in after years that my aunt's grandmother on the maternal side made a fortune out of tobacco.

"But discharging the chambermaid won't help very much," said Alethea.

"It will not," agreed Roland. "What is saved thereby will no more than find me in the little extras no society man can do without."

"Dear! dear!" aunt took up the burden again, "could I have forseen that your father would have come down in this way I never would have married him. I really don't know what is to be done, unless we emigrate to some country place where we are unknown and where it don't matter how we live."

"The country?" screamed the children in chorus. "Better death at once."

I can't imagine where I got the courage to do so after my late sharp rebuffs, but at this moment I blurted out something that had been in my mind for several weeks: "Why could not Alethea and Ethel room together, and Alethea's room, which is the pleasantest in the house, be let to a lodger?—one who would—"

But here I paused abruptly. Alethea had fainted in the arms of my aunt, who, glancing at me over the top of her eldest daughter's head, commanded me in her deepest tone (aunt has rather a bass voice) to "leave the room—instantly."

But in a short time, during which things had been getting worse and worse, and we had been reduced to rice puddings for dessert on week days and apple tarts on Sundays, I was allowed to prepare an advertisement for the morning's paper, in which was offered to "an elderly gentleman, who must have excellent references, a fine room in the house of a lady of refinement, who had never before taken a lodger, for the privilege of occupying which he would be expected to pay a liberal equivalent."

I disapproved highly of the wording of this call for help, but my aunt and cousins insisted upon its being couched in these very terms, and so I was compelled to yield, inwardly convinced that it would bring no reply.

But it did. The very afternoon of the morning it appeared, a carriage with a trunk strapped on behind drove up to our door. An old gentleman got out, hobbled up our steps and rang our door-bell.

"You must see him, Dorothea," said my aunt, leaving the parlor, followed by a train of her children. "It is your affair altogether. I will have nothing to do with it."

"We none of us will have anything to do with it," chimed in my cousins. "We were not born with the souls of lodging-house keepers;" and away they sailed as I opened the door to the second—a little louder than the first—ring of the caller.

He was a short, slightly-formed old gentleman, with big, bright black eyes, bushy white eyebrows, and a long white mustache and beard.

"You have a room to let?" he asked.

"I have," I answered, ushering him into the parlor, where he glanced keenly around, and then as keenly into my face, while he announced in a decisive tone:

"I have come to take it. My luggage is at the door. Be so kind as to tell me where to direct the man to carry it."

"But?"—I began, in a hesitating way, utterly confused by the stranger's brusque, not to say high-handed manner.

"'But me no buts,'" quoted the old gentleman. "I am Amos Griffin, lately from England, where I have been living for the past twenty years. Since I landed in New York, a month ago today, I have been boarding at the St. Nicholas. But where's your mother?"

I hastened to assure him that I was empowered to negotiate with him.

"Ah, indeed! Well, then, I'll go on, though it strikes me that you are rather young for the business. You 'have never taken a lodger before.' I am glad of it, for reasons which is not necessary to explain. You want a 'liberal equivalent' for your fine room; I am prepared to give it. That leaves only one thing to be arranged. I should like my breakfast at eight precisely every morning."

"But we did not propose to give breakfast."

"I know you didn't; but I'll give you another 'liberal equivalent' for it. You can't be very well off, or you wouldn't take a lodger; and the more liberal equivalents you can get from him the better. Will you be kind enough to show me to my room?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, meekly, completely succumbing to the big black eyes and strong will-power of the frail-looking old man, and totally forgetting to ask for the "reference" insisted upon in the advertisement. Whereupon he stepped to the front door, and beckoned to the man outside, who, taking the trunk upon his back, followed him, as he followed me, to the second story front room.

"Ah," said our lodger, as he entered it, "this is not bad—not at all bad."

And it wasn't. As I have said before, it was the pleasantest room in the house, and I had arranged it as prettily as I could with the means at my command. Fortunately these included a number of nice engravings and vases, and a capacious bamboo chair with a crimson cushion, and foot-stool of like color. And the fragrance of the honeysuckles that stole in at the window from the balcony, and the two or three sunbeams that had found their way through the half-closed blinds, and danced in triumph on the wall, and the half-dozen gayly bound books (mine) on the mantel, and the ivy growing from a red pot on the bracket in one corner, all combined to make the room a pleasant place indeed.

Mr. Griffin had been our lodger exactly two years, during which I had prepared and superintended the serving of his breakfasts, and taken entire charge of his room, "as well as though I had been brought up to that sort of thing," as my cousin Cleanthe remarked, and the rest of the family, with the exception of uncle, who became quite friendly with him, had only met him some dozen times—at which times they assumed their most dignified dignity—when he was taken sick.

"It's an old complaint, which will carry me off some time," said he to me; "but I hope not this time. Anyhow, Little Honesty" (a name he had given me from the first—I hope I deserved it), "live or die, I intend to remain here. Nowhere else could I be as comfortable. You must engage an extra servant, and you and she together must nurse me. I should certainly die of a professional. By-the-bye, who is your family physician?"

I told him.

"If I am not better send for him to-morrow. I am going out now—only a few steps," meeting my look of surprise. "I want to see my lawyer, and I shan't take to my bed for several days yet."

That afternoon, taking care not to repeat the old gentleman's exact words, but putting his remarks in the form of a request to be allowed to remain, I stated the case to the family.

"Going to be ill?" exclaimed Alethea. "Dear me! how disagreeable!"

"I'm sure I don't want him to stay: he might die here," said my aunt, who had the utmost horror of death.

"He's an old nuisance, anyhow," proclaimed Ethel, "and always has been, and I blush that any relative of mine should have degraded herself so far as to become his servant-maid."

Here I will mention that my cousin Roland, a month or so before this, had married a young lady with a large fortune, and out of this fortune he generously proposed to make the family a liberal yearly allowance, besides which came many gifts from the married sisters, whose husbands had prospered, and thereupon been obliged by their wives to share their prosperity with us, that we might live at least, as Minerva expressed it, "with elegant economy." And so we were not entirely dependent upon our lodger for desserts and several other things.

But to go back. "He is not an old nuisance," said I, indignantly. "He is a kind-hearted old man, and I'm very fond of him."

"Good gracious!"

"Yes, Miss Ethel," I went on, "I am very fond of him. And if my aunt will allow me—I am sure my uncle will—I will take all the extra care resulting from his sickness upon myself, and no one else shall be annoyed in the least. After living beneath our roof for two years and contributing so bountifully to our comforts—you needn't glare at me, Cleanthe; he has, for I am quite certain no one else would have paid us so liberally—it would be the basest ingratitude, not to say cruelty, to send him among strangers now that he most needs care and kindness."

"Are you quite through, Miss Reynolds?" asked my aunt, sarcastically. "I had no idea you were so eloquent, never having heard you preach before. But of one thing I am determined: you shall not call in our doctor to your patient. He is a perfect aristocrat, and has no idea we keep a lodger, and I do not wish him to know it."

"There's a young saw-bones a few doors below," drawled my youngest gentleman cousin, who resented my waiting upon any one but himself; "he'll do for your fine old—nuisance."

That very evening Mr. Griffin had a bad turn, and I sent for the "young saw-bones a few doors below" in great haste. He proved to be a Dr. Rice, a frank-looking, brown-haired, gray-eyed, broad-browed young man, with gentle voice and quick, light step. And the old gentleman, taking a great fancy to him, decided on retaining him—a decision that relieved me greatly, bearing in mind as I did my aunt's embargo in regard to our family physician.

And from that time for three months, although very seldom confined to his bed, our lodger never had a well day. At the end of the three months, however, he began to mend slowly, and at the end of two more was on his feet again. And then he told me he had made up his mind to return to England.

"I am sorry, very sorry, to part with you," I replied. "But it is right that you should go."

"Well said, Little Honesty. And now let's begin to pack," said he.

Dr. Rice and I went with the old gentleman to the steamer that was to carry him away, and waved a last farewell to him—in the midst of a crowd also waving last farewells—from the pier, as the vessel slowly moved out into the stream; and then we returned to our respective homes to read the letters he had placed in our respective hands with his final good-bye.

Mine I read in the privacy of my own room at first; and when I had partly recovered from my astonishment and delight I flew downstairs, called the family together, and read it to them. It was as follows:

"DEAR LITTLE HONESTY—Had I died—which I didn't, thanks unto God to you and Dr. Rice—I should have left each of my dear young friends ten thousand dollars in my will. But having lived, I am going to do a much pleasanter thing—I am going to give them the ten thousand at once. My lawyer will see you both to-morrow.

"AMOS GRIFFIN.

"P. S.—I have also left a slight bequest to Miss Ethel Egbert. She will find it on the lower shelf of the closet in the room I occupied when I was her cousin Dorothea's lodger."

Ethel for once forgot her graceful, gliding step. She started hastily for the stairs, but her youngest brother was before her, and she was fain to turn back again as he slid down the baluster, and landed in our midst with something in his arms.

It was a large framed photograph of Amos Griffin, with a card attached bearing these words, "An excellent picture of 'An Old Nuisance.'"

I married Dr. Rice.—*Harper's Weekly.*

He who refuses justice to the defenceless will make every concession to the powerful.

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FOR THE LADIES.

Hoop Skirts Again in Fashion.

The shops in New York are again displaying hoop skirts, and report a good sale for them. At one time the hoop skirt manufactories were numerous, and a large capital was engaged in the business. Since the hoop skirt went out of fashion the factories have nearly all disappeared, and the capital has gone into other enterprises. A hoop skirt manufacturer said to a reporter:

"I recollect the time when we employed 1,200 hands, and our product was 10,000 skirts a day. That was during the war, but about 1868 the hoop skirt went out of fashion and the trade died out. There was a transient revival in 1870, but it disappeared, and from then until now the hoop skirt trade has been a very small part of our business. We have always continued the manufacture to some extent, getting orders every now and then, mostly from the South and West. Some ladies have never given up the use of the hoop skirt at all; but they have been old-fashioned people who liked it because of its comfort. Now, however, it is in fashion again. The demand has sprang up so suddenly that it is impossible to meet it. For the last six months there has been an increasing demand, and in the last few weeks, in addition to the local demand, we have been constantly receiving orders by telegraph from Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and other cities, and are sold ahead of production all the time. The trouble is that the old operatives have gone into other pursuits, and it is impossible to get hands enough. At present we are turning out about 100 dozen a day."

"How do you account for the change?"

"Well, you know when fashion runs to extremes there is likely to be a violent reaction. Hoop skirts were driven out of fashion because the style was pushed to such an extreme. Hoops got to be four or five yards around in the style known as 'tilters.' A lady could hardly get into a church pew. When she sat down her dress ballooned and took up the whole side of a street car. The newspapers all got to making fun of the fashion, and there was a reaction against hoop skirts. Another thing that had to do with it, I suppose, was the hard times. It took a great deal of fabric to cover those big skeleton tents, and there was a saving in adopting narrow skirts. Now, tight dresses have been pushed to an extreme, and a reaction toward fuller dresses and the hoop is natural."

"How does the new style compare with the old?" asked the reporter.

"Look at that!" said Mr. Bradley, pointing to a hoop skirt hanging from the ceiling. It was a great circular wire cage yards around. "Now look at this!" and he held up a slim, graceful skirt, with hoops secured by broad tapes, and running about half way up. "The old hoops ran up to 150 inches in circumference. The present style runs from fifty-five to sixty-five inches. Now, if the modistes do not push the style to excess, and will keep the hoop skirt down to two yards in circumference, it will remain in use."

"Has there been much change in the manufacture of hoop skirts?"

"All the change in the world. It was in 1857 that hoop skirts first came into use. I remember the first articles of the kind which were imported from Europe. They were cumbrous affairs, the hoops made of bamboo, cane or rattan. Iron was considered too heavy a material. Steel hoops were introduced by American makers. It was a long process to get the right quality of steel. If made too hard the steel would snap, and if too soft the hoop would bend in wear and lose its shape. Now, the steel is so well tempered that the hoop skirt retains its shape and at the same time conforms to changes of attitude in the wearer like a woven fabric. The weight of a skirt like that now coming into fashion is less than one-fourth of that of the old style of skirt, and the new skirt will wear four times as long as the old."

Fashion Notes.

Awning striped skirts are worn under tunics of blue and olive-green flannel.

White costumes are worn upon the street and in all public places in the country.

The latest poke bonnets show signs of assuming the proportions of the towering scoops of 1795.

A new "Jersey" is imported made of chenille network, with a fine rubber in the meshing, causing it to fit the figure as closely as the silk webbing used to last winter.

Immense Watean fans made of cretonne are now exhibited, and are made to match in colors and designs the bright cretonnes, foulards, Pompadour cambrics and other gay summer dress fabrics.

The jersey glove is in high favor for traveling. It can be bought in old gold, gray and tan, so that it is easy to find a pair to harmonize with any gown. They are long enough to reach the elbow and have no buttons.

Pretty hats for the country are made in the "Niniche" shape—slanting down in front over the face. They are fashionably made of the coarse porcupine straw in cardinal or gold, and are trimmed with an Alsatian bow of surah placed on the crown toward the front of the hat. The brim is lined with a shirred trimming to match.

A stylish hat in the modified Marie Stuart shape is made of marroon straw, a fine English braid, lined with shirred satin of a darker color, and bordered with a tiny gold passementerie. The outside is trimmed with a satin scarf of the deep maroon color, shot with gold, and a wreath of gold-hearted poppies, shading from a deep crimson to a pale flesh tint.

The costliness and variety of ladies' hose is daily becoming more marked. The very last thing in this direction is to wear a stocking of one color on one foot and a contrasting one on the other—for instance a black silk stocking on the right foot and a cardinal one on the left, or one of pale blue with another of gold color. This fashion seems to be more suggestive of a gaudy clown at a circus performance than anything else.

With high bodices this season tulle ruches or mull puffs are more fashionable than crepe lisse ruffles. If slightly open the bodice is accompanied by a deep Stuart collar edged with lace, and cuffs to match put on over the sleeve. If cut Pompadour the open square is filled up with a finely-shirred chemisette of French mull finished with a full ruche. A great deal of lace is worn about the throat and wrists, and the corsage bouquet is still the favorite adjunct of all summer toilets, however simple.

The drains leading from the Philadelphia mint yielded about $1,000 worth of gold and silver at the last annual scouring. The recovery of metal by that operation has amounted to $21,000 in nineteen years.

Tangier as Seen From a House Top.

It was Sunday. I do not know whose Sunday it was, for there are three to the week in Tangier, the Mohammedan, the Jew and the Christian having each his own. It was Sunday; but what was more to the purpose, it was also a market day. I had caught the town in one of its spasms of business. Between these spasms, and when the Aiseawa are not over-running it, or no fete is going on, the place is said to be as dull and silent as a plague-smitten city.

It being my last as well as my first day in Africa, I did not wait for the hadji to call me that morning. I was an early bird, astir even before the slightest worm of a breakfast was practicable. Having completed my toilet I wandered out on the platform in front of my bedroom to kill the intervening hour. Discovering a stone staircase leading still higher I mounted the steps and found myself on the roof of the hotel.

The Kasba on the height had all its windows illuminated by the daybreak, but the rest of the town lay in cool shadow. At my feet stretched a confused mass of square-cut white houses, reaching to the sea's edge on one side and ending in drifts on the slant of a hill at my left—a town of snow that had seemingly dropped flake by flake from the clouds during the night.

There were figures moving on several of the neighboring house tops. All the roofs were perfectly flat, and most of them surrounded by low battlements. Yonder was a young negress in sulphur-hued caftan and green girdle, shaking a striped rug over a parapet, and looking consciously picturesque. On a terrace further off a Moorish washerwoman and a little girl were spreading out their harcks and embroidered napkins on the flag-stones; the sun would reach them by-and-bye. At my right was a man indolently lifting himself off a piece of carpet laid dangerously near the unprotected roof-edge—possibly a summer boarder who had chosen that airy bedchamber. He was rubbing his eyes, and had evidently slept there overnight. In this temperate climate, where the thermometer seldom rises above ninety degrees, and rarely falls below forty degrees, the house top would be preferable to a summer boarder. On many of the roofs was evidence of pretty attempts at gardening, oleanders, acacias, palms and dwarf almond trees being set out in ornamental jars and tubs. There, no doubt, was the family resort after nightfall, the scene of ceremonious or social visits, and, I imagine, of much starry love-making.

Behind the hotel, in a desolate vacant lot checkered by small vats half-filled with dyestuffs, was an Arab tanner at work. Standing in the midst of his colored squares, he resembled a solitary chessman. I could look directly down on his smooth, bare skull, which seemed cast of gilt bronze or bell metal. He wore nothing but a breech-cloth. The Moorish tanners are very expert, and employ arts not known to the trade elsewhere. They have a process by which lion and panther skins are rendered as pliable as satin, and of creamy whiteness. The green leather of Tafilet, the red of Fez, and the yellow of Morocco are highly esteemed.—*T. B. Aldrich, in Harper's Magazine.*

Weighing a Hog.

A dog-fight sends the pulse of a village up to 130, and a foot-race or a knock-down will almost restore gray hairs to their natural color; but for real excitement let a man come along in front of the tavern about sundown driving a hog.

"Hay, where you going?"

"Going to sell this hog."

"Hold on a minute! What does he weigh?"

"Oh! about 225."

"You're off; he won't go over 200."

Every chair is vacated on the instant. Every eye is fastened on the hog rooting in the gutter, and every man flatters himself that he can guess within a pound of the porker's weight.

"That hog will pull down just exactly 195 pounds," says the blacksmith, after a long squint.

"He won't go an ounce over 185," adds the cooper.

"I've got a $2 bill that says that hog will kick at 210," says the hardware man.

"You must be wild," growls the grocer. "I can't see over 150 pounds of meat there."

Twenty men take a walk around the porker, and squint and shake their heads and look wise, and the owner finally says:

"If he don't go over 220 I shall feel that I am no guesser."

"Over 220? If that hog weighs 200 pounds I'll treat this crowd!" exclaims the owner of the 'bus line.

"I dunno 'bout that," muses the 'squire, who is on his way to the grocery after butter. "Some hogs weigh more and some less. What breed is this hog?"

"Berkshire."

"Well, I've seen some o' them Berkshees that weighed like a load o' sand, and then agin I've seen 'em where they were all skin and bone. Has anybody guessed that this hog will weigh 600?"

"No."

"Well, that's a leetle steep, but I've kinder sot my idea on 250."

By this time the crowd has increased to a hundred and the excitement is intense. The 'squire lays half a dollar on 250, and the owner of the hog rakes in several bets on "between 220 and 225." The porker is driven to the hay-scales, and the silence is almost painful as the weighing takes place.

"Two hundred and twenty-three!" calls the weigher.

Growls and lamentations smite the evening air, and stakeholders pass over the wagers to the lucky guessers, chief of whom is the owner of the hog.

"Well, I'm clear beat out," says the 'squire. "I felt dead sure he would weigh over 300."

"Oh, I knew you were all way off," explains the guileless owner. "When we weighed him here at noon he tipped at exactly 223, and I knew he couldn't have picked up or lost over a pound!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Touching Evidence of Instinct.

One of the most touching incidents on record, illustrative of animal instinct and affection, occurred during a recent bear hunt in this vicinity. The parties who vouch for the truth of the narrative are all known in Santa Barbara. One of them shot a small cub through the head, killing it instantly, the ball entering the skull just back of the eyes. Something called the attention of the hunters away from the spot, and when they returned a half hour afterward they found the mother bear standing over her lifeless cub, apparently engaged in licking and caressing its head. A couple of well-directed shots soon stretched the she bear by the side of her dead offspring and the hunters approached to secure their game. To their surprise they found the bullet wound to the cub's head partly filled with finely chewed grass and leaves. The mother had evidently seen the blood from the wound and had endeavored to do what she could toward stanching its flow.—*Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Too Much Hay.

Filling a horse's rack with hay, as some persons do, and permitting a constant supply to remain before the animal, is one of the most probable means of producing disease, and most positive in rendering animals unfit for fast work. Large supplies of hay have the effect of making the stomach large and weak, the belly in course of time becoming pendulous. Not only does the stomach increase in capacity, but the large intestines become enlarged.

Feeding Pigs.

Pigs that are to be marketed this year should be pushed hard from the beginning. If allowed to stand still for a day there will be a loss. Ground oats and corn mixed, or ground corn with wheat middlings, will make a good slop for the pigs; soaked corn will also be highly relished, and will be found well adapted to keeping the pigs in high flesh; but as soon as the new corn is fairly in milk that will be found the best of all fattening foods. On the other hand, if pigs are to be kept over the winter there should be no stimulating or forcing. Give them the run of a clover field the first summer, with a small allowance of grain.

Saving Manure.

A young man, eighteen years of age, who has been his father's main help in cultivating an eighty-acre farm, said: "Our principal business this summer has been the saving of manure, one item of which has been to supply bedding for eight calves that were kept under a shed during the entire summer. Early in the season sawdust was used daily, in sufficient quantities to absorb the liquids and keep the calves dry, and later, dry earth, leaves or anything that could be obtained most readily. In the fall thirty-one horse-cart loads of manure were drawn from this shed. Since manure is the one article most needed on a farm, the farmer never should cease laying plans for making it, and, if successful, he may look for large returns in produce."—*Exchange.*

A Hint for Orchardists.

One of the worst enemies the apple orchard has to contend with is the codling moth, which, unless dealt with in a vigorous manner, is very apt to destroy the fruit of the orchard. The pasturing sheep in the orchard, when the fruit approaches the ripening stage, appropriate to themselves the early decayed fruit that falls, and thus keep in check the worm which does all the damage. A. R. Whitney, of Franklin Grove, Lee county, Ills., the largest orchardist in the United States, having 45,000 bearing trees, remarked at the recent meeting of the American Nurserymen's Association at Dayton, that he could not get along at all in his orchard without sheep. While the fruit of his neigbors, who do not keep sheep, suffers badly, his apples are smooth, sound and uninjured by his mode of preserving them from the enemy.

Mistake in Milking.

"We have frequent communications," says the *American Cultivator*, "from our subscribers concerning the fact of their cows giving bloody milk. No one would be surprised at cows giving bloody milk if they were fully aware of what a network of blood vessels the udder of a cow is composed. No person should ever make an attempt to milk a cow till they have obtained some knowledge of its structure; then we perhaps should dispense with a large number of those double-fisted men who do not seem to have any knowledge of the purposes or anatomy of a cow's bag, except for them to squeeze and drag it as though it were a piece of dead hide. There is no objection to the strong-handed man as a milker, the stronger the better, but it should be accompanied by a touch as delicate as a woman's. Whenever the cow manifests the slightest sensitiveness the udder should be thoroughly examined. Milking is a pleasure to the cow when everything is all right, and whenever it ceases to afford gratification to the cow there is evidently something wrong. Never fail to wash with warm water the bag of a young heifer, both before and after milking."

Salt for the Throat.

In these days when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat.

For many years past, indeed, we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subject to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact.

Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day—morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure table salt in about a half small tumbler full of water. With this we gargle the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared.

We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat.

Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and after a few days' use no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.—*Ex.*

How to Raise Turkeys.

Two to four hens and one gobbler are sufficient, and two to three-year-old fowls better than younger or older ones. When they begin to lay watch them and find their nests, which are generally made in some obscure place. Remove the eggs as fast as they are deposited in the nest, and put a chicken hen's egg in for a nest egg. When she lays out her number, which is usually from fifteen to twenty, and begins to set remove her at night to a point near the dwelling, having prepared a setting-place in a barrel turned down on the side and straw therein. Fasten the mouth up for a day and night, so she cannot get out. The following day remove the fastening, and if she goes back to her old nest, take her at night and fasten her up again for twenty-four or thirty hours. By this time she will become accustomed to her new and convenient quarters and you will not suffer from the depredations of crows or egg thieves. Never put more than seventeen turkey eggs with a turkey hen nor more than twelve turkey eggs with a chicken hen. Some poultry raisers prefer to have all their turkeys hatched with chicken hens, but my experience is that the young do better when reared by their natural mother. While your eggs are accumulating keep them in a box or basket in a dark place with an old woolen cloth under and over them. Handle them very gently and turn them over in the basket every few days. Last year I had forty-nine out of fifty eggs to hatch when managed as above stated, and raised forty-three of them. When the eggs are all hatched, fasten the hen up in a sheltered pen so the little things can get in and out at pleasure, and where the wind and rain cannot reach them on the west and north sides. Keep them in this way until they are three or four weeks old, and then they can shift for themselves and will be as hardy as any fowl. Until they are about a month old they are the tenderest of all domestic birds. Feed them on curds and let them have plenty of buttermilk to drink, with now and then cooked corn bread, with a little salt and some cayenne pepper added before cooking, and give them wheat screenings occasionally. Feed them regularly night and morning, and they will always come home to roost, after feeding in the fields for a quarter of a mile around the house all day. When one-third grown, nothing is better to feed them than whole grains of corn; but generally this is not necessary, as grasshoppers and other insects are their choice food.—*Correspondence Farmer's Home Journal.*

Recipes.

PEACH BUTTER.—Pare ripe peaches and put them in a preserving kettle, with sufficient water to boil them soft; then sift through a cullendar, removing the stones. To each quart of peach put one and one-half pound sugar, and boil very slowly one hour. Stir often, and do not let them burn. Put in stone or glass jars and keep in a cool place.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To every quart of ripe raspberries, allow a pound of the best loaf sugar. Put sugar and berries into a pan, and let them stand two or three hours. Then boil them in a porcelain kettle, taking off the scum carefully. When no more scum rises, mash them and boil them to smooth marmalade. When cold, put them in glass tumblers.

STEWED CUCUMBERS.—Cut the cucumbers fully half an inch thick right through; put them in a sauce-pan, just covering them with hot water, and let them boil slowly for a quarter of an hour, or until tender, but not so as to break them; then drain them; you want now a pint of good cream, and put your cream, with a teaspoonful of butter, in a sauce-pan, and when it is warm pop in the cucumbers; season with a little salt and white pepper, cook five minutes, shaking the saucepan all the time, and serve hot. It is just as delicate as asparagus, and a very nice dish indeed.

TOMATO MEAT PIE.—Take the remains of roast meats, (roast beef or other meats will answer,) chop as for hash, and chop three times as much bread. Have peeled some tomatoes. Take a broad iron or tin basin and grease it, then proceed to make your pie. First put a layer of crumbs, then a thin layer of the meat, slice a layer of tomatoes over the meat, season with salt and pepper, then add other layers as before, and lastly, cover the top with the bread, and press all down smoothly to form the upper crust. If you have the gravy, pour it over the pie to moisten the bread, but avoid using too much fat; or melt a piece of butter in two cups of water and a little salt, if you have no gravy. Bake until the crust is brown and the tomatoes cooked, in a moderately hot oven, and let it stand to cool awhile before turning it out. If rightly done you will be surprised to have so nice a dish from remnants. The canned tomatoes are good in winter.

How the Chinese Leave Hong Kong.

While in Hong Kong, writes a correspondent, I accepted the invitation of Consul Mosby to visit the steamship "Gaelic" and see how Chinamen are shipped to the United States. There were 458 men and one woman. The Chinamen were all on deck with a rope stretched around them. At a desk near by were three officers, the doctor, the harbor master and the United States consul. These Chinamen had bought their tickets, but unless they could pass the doctor's inspection the harbor master would not stamp their ticket, and if the United States consul did not stamp their ticket, and if the consul did not stamp their ticket the Mail company would not take it. These Chinamen had their clothes unbuttoned and laid off down to their waists. The doctor examined every one, honestly and faithfully, and did not object to a single one. Every one was in good state and health. On the doctor's certificate the harbor master stamps the ticket and on his certificate the American consul also stamps the ticket, and on this stamp the captain takes it.

Before a woman can be shipped she has to go down to the To-Wah hospital and have stamped on her arm a certificate that she was a proper person to come to America. All the precautions that laws have fixed, as far as regards the examination of Chinamen, are honestly carried out under the present administration, or were on that trip. I was anxious of seeing some evidence of a careless manner of doing it. I must say they did it carefully. While these Chinamen were all in a string, I came in and looked at them. One of them said, "Hallo, mister. I sabbe your bludder. He marry up in Slaclamento." I said, "John, what you know?" He said: "I live in Slaclamento eight year; I make $3,000; I come home; I catchee two wives; I lost all; now I go back again." I said: "Kearney will catch you and hang you." He said: "Oh, no; me go and do Kearney's washing." Most of them were Chinese returning to the United States. They understood the agitation of the San Francisco sand lot, and they hugely enjoyed the joke.

Found His Way Home.

To test the faculty which dogs possess of returning to their homes by a nearly direct course after being carried a great distance by a circuitous route, an Ohio physician made a dog insensible with either at Cincinnati, put him into a wicker basket, took a train of the Cincinnati Southern railroad, first southwest to Danville Junction, thence to Crab Orchard, and finally northeast to a hunting rendezvous near Berea. The dog was shut up all night and fed. The next morning he was taken out to a clearing on the top of a grassy knoll and let loose. Without any preliminary survey he slunk off into a ravine, scrambled up the opposite bank and struck first into a trot and then a swift gallop, not toward Crab Orchard, but in a bee line for Cincinnati. He ran not like an animal that had lost its way, but "like a horse on a tramway," straight ahead, with his nose well up, as if he were following an air line toward an invisible goal. He made a short detour to the left to avoid a lateral ravine, but further up he resumed his original course, leaped a rail fence and went ahead into a coppice of cedar bushes, where they finally lost sight of him. The report of the experimenters was forwarded to the owner by rail, and on the afternoon of the next day, after receiving this report, the owner met the dog on the street in Cincinnati, "wet, full of burrs and remorse, and apparently ashamed of his tardiness."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Leaves of trees absorb no water, but

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Aug. 11, 1881.

The republicans still keep up their flings at Conkling. By-and-by you will see them eat their own words.

The President's condition on Saturday and Sunday turned to a serious phase again. There was fever caused by a new puss cavity supposed to be out of reach of surgical operation.

Sitting Bull having surrendered to the United States is now quartered at a first-class hotel, and deep in clover. What a fool he was for not surrendering to Uncle Sam long ago, to feast at his bountiful table.

The Secretary of the Treasury the other day received a letter threatening him with assassination if he did not remove promptly appointment Clerk Lamphere. Now we do trust, for decencie's sake, that the greedy republicans will quit murdering each other on account of the offices. At this rate the party will soon peter out.

There is another social scandal existing in Washington involving a married gentleman, who was until recently connected with the Signal Service with the rank of Captain. It appears that a residence he owns has been occupied by a former female Treasury clerk of great beauty, and this Captain supported her in elegant style. The Captain's wife found it out and the matter is now known.

Well, it's just like Washington city.

The New York *Herald* of 1 inst. says: A letter which we publish to-day under the head "King Cotton" will show the North what immense strides the South is making toward greatness in manufacturing. A few years ago a cotton mill in the South was a curiosity; the staple went North, its traveling expenses being nearly two cents per pound, and whatever cotton goods the planters wanted had to pay heavy freights to reach their destination. Now mills, and large ones, are going up all over the South, and paying dividends such as no owner of Northern mill stock has seen in many years. The negroes are said to be failures as mill hands, but plenty of white operatives can be had. Having succeeded so handsomley with cotton the South will probably attempt other manufactures, and there is no reason why she should not do well in working wood, iron and clay into the forms that command the best prices.

The Czar of Russia, after traveling around considerably through his empire for a place of safety, has at last settled down at Moscow. There has been talk of late of a permanent removal of his residence to that ancient capital; and if he finds the political atmosphere congenial; he may stay there indefinitely Moscow was the capital of Russia till 1712, when Peter the great transferred it to St. Petersburg. Moscow still stands as the first city in Russian estimation. It is the creed city of the Moscovite creed, and, being 400 miles south of St. Petersburg, is, on account of its milder climate, and the winter residence of the nobility, and the second capital of the empire. It is the favorite of the Slaviot party, being less German and cosmopolitan than its more western rival. The transfer of the Government to Moscow would be taken as a pro-Slavic measure, for which this present Czar is far more inclined than his predecessor.

Moscow is in the centre of the empire, in a thorough Slavic population, and where the people are enthusiastically loyal.

SIX MONTHS' FAILURES.

The number of failures in the United States during the first half of the current calender year is reported to have been 2,862, against 2,497 for the half of 1880, and 4,058 for the same period in 1879. The liabilites approximate $41,000,000, against $33,000,000 in 1880, and $66,000,000 in 1879. It appears from this that while both the number of failures and the amount of liabilities during the last six months were much less than during the corresponding half of 1879, they were considerably greater than for the same months of last year.

The Chicago *Times*, in printing these facts in its money article, appends these comments:

Seasons of disaster and depression will continue to succeed seasons of great activity and prosperity as long as those who sell on credit are lead by appearances of prosperity to throw caution to the winds, and, placing boundless confidence in the capasity of the public for consumption, and the ability and disposition of every body to pay, recklessly extends the lines of credit. It is probably useless, however, to sound a note of warning, at least it has always been useless. In times of seeming prosperity the capacity of the people to consume appears to be unlimited, and merchants, in their eagerness of profits, push sales in every direction and lose all discretion in giving credit. This evil is self-nourishing. A general expansion of credit is equivalent to an expansion of currency, and the effects are substantially the same, though the reaction is likely to come sooner. The expansion of credit, which is the same thing as the deferring of payments, dispenses with the present use of currency, and this is equivalent to a temporary increase in currency volume. The immediate result is an enhancement of prices to a greater or less extent, and as prices rise the inducement to extend sales, and of course to extend credit, is greater, and so the evil proceeds with increasing rapidity, by a sort of self propulsion, until the climax is reached Then stocks become unsalable, payments are slow, failures multiply, credit is restricted, and still the effects of a severe currency contraction are experinced.

There is not much hope of curing this commercial fever and ague. The trouble is that the mass of those who are the principal victims, and the only ones who are able to apply a remedy, will not believe that anything is the matter until it is too late. They very greatly enjoy the fever, and, while in the midst of this delirium, they insist upon it that they are all perfectly well, and that such a thing as a chill in the future is simply impossible. It may, therefore, be predicted with entire confidence that the alterations of extreme exaltation and extreme depression in the commercial world will continue until men become much wiser and much less excitable than they have ever yet been.

If Guiteau is sensible he will remain where he is as long as he can. It is intimated from Washington that there are several organizations in Baltimore, Philadelphia and other places which are anxious to do a little practice in the court of Judge Lynch.

OUR COUNTY TICKET.

The democratic county convention met in the Court house, on last Tuesday afternoon, to place in nomination candidates for the different offices to be voted for next November. The convention was harmonious, and has placed in nomination a good and strong ticket which every honest citizen can support.

The list of candidates was a good one throughout, hence there was no great difficulty in putting a strong ticket in the field. As good men as are on the ticket were defeated for nomination, and this could not be otherwise; where there are so many aspirants, only a few could be luckey ones. The future we trust, will see them more fortunate, as they are all deserving, and there were not offices enough to go around this time.

JNO. RUNKLE, of Potter,
J. G. LARIMER, of Spring,

our nominees for Associate Judges are men in all respects worthy the honor that awaits them, as associates besides such distinguished jurists as judges Mayer and Orvis. They are men of good judgment, and will never disgrace the bench. Both are old and well known citizens, and the best of democrats.

THOS. J. DUNKLE, of Rush,

is the fortunate one for Sheriff His long service in the party, his ability to fill the place, and the good name he has always born among all who know him, render him a most popular nominee for Sheriff, and he will add strength to the ticket. Let every democrat help to swell his majority, he deserves a big vote.

D. C. KELLER, of Potter,

is nominated for Co. Treasurer. This is an important office, and no man in the county can with greater safety be entrusted with the county funds, then our nominee for Treasurer. His honesty and entegrity are unquestioned, and like Ceaser's wife, he is beyond suspicion. He has always been a working democrat. Democrats give him a rousing majority.

J. C. HARPER, of Bellefonte,

has been re-nominated for Prothonotary. He has held the place nearly three years, and it is admitted by all that a more efficient and obliging officer never yet filled the place in this county. Cal has been faithful to his trust, therefore let all honest men testify their appreciation of a true public servant by giving him their votes next November.

A. J. GREIST, of Unionville,
JOHN WOLF, of Miles,

for Commissioners, are nominations fit to be made and worthy the support of every honest man. Both are tax payers, and citizens known for their industry and sobriety, and in every respect trustworthy, and in whose hands the management of Co. affairs will be safe. With such men we can go before the people without fear. Give them a full vote.

JAS. A. M'CLAIN, of Milesburg,

for Register, is a competent man for the place. His qualifications are unquestioned; his character spotless, and his democracy of the purest water. He will render the utmost satisfaction in the Register's office, is our prediction.

FRANK E. BIBLE, of Bellefont,

for Recorder, is a reward well bestowed He is a good penman, accurate as a copyist, and will bring the closest application in the discharge of the laborious duty of Recorder. He is a sterling young democrat, of irreproachable character. Go for him democrats, with all your might.

F. P. MUSSER, of Penn,
J. S. PROUDFOOT, of Milesburg,

for County Auditors, are selections of which no democrat need be ashamed; the gentlemen are too well known for us to tell anything about them, and will give general satisfaction everywhere.

We have not time to speak further of our excellent nominees this week, and the REPORTER can only say to the republicans of our county, relative to the above ticket: Match it if you can—defeat it you can not.

THE INFERNAL MACHINES.

It was the first thought by some that the seizure of the ten infernal machines at Liverpool was part of a "put up job" of the police, but it is now certain that the machines were shipped from your side of the water by the "skirmishers." It was an insane piece of business, but not more so than the attempt to blow up Clerkenwell prison in open daylight, and not half so mad an affair as the risings in Ireland in 1848 and 1867. Lord Palmerston used to say that Irish patriots were good poets but bad business men. The Home office has obtained information of considerable importance relative to the shipment of these machines, I dare say the United States Government is already in possession of it; but for ovious reasons it is kept secret. I am told by those who know that the Home Secretary is more afraid of a terrible disaster to the ocean steamships which carry this freight than of anything happening to public buildings here. The numerous informers in the pay of the Government send him every item of interest respecting the "skirmishers," and the general belief among the officials is that the movement is not very formidable except as a means of extracting dollars from guilible Irish-Americans. But if the authorities on your side do not keep a sharp look-out for shipments of dynamite, we may hear some day of an ocean steamer laden with American tourists going the mysterious way of the City of Boston. A Liverpool police inspector who had a hand in the arrest of McGrath and McKevitt, the men arrested for attempting to blow up the town-hall there, and say the other day that the Home Office arrangments were so perfect that Englishmen had nothing and Americans everything to fear from the devilish traffic. "Of course," he said, "the steamers are English property, but what's the loss of a vessel to the destruction of the passengers or to the havoc that would be brought on the New York and Boston wharves by an explosion from concussion in handling?

The *Press* of Saturday, gives a two-column list of the bare-faced frauds perpetrated at Harrisburg by the parties who do the contracting for supplies and repairs. Fifty-three items in the contract bills were found to be fraudulent. Those fellows have learned the art, "how not to do it," and yet understand how to do the Commonwealth. –*Tyrone Herald.*

Both the *Press* and the *Herald* are thorough republican organs, and this testimony of the disgraceful thieving of republican officials cannot be set down as a democratic lie.

One Ohio town has a great deal of difficulty in looking for a candidate to run on the temperance ticket. The temperance party has orators enough in the town, but the gentlemen who have been asked to become candidates object on the ground that it costs too much to treat the crowd.

The campaign in Ohio is heated. The temperance party has a dozen very eloquent orators on its side and some who are very wild. From the speeches of a few of the mad speakers one would think that all the candidates on the temperance ticket are so fond of water that they are in the habit of going over Niagara Falls every day.

The Chinese sent here to be educated have absorbed so much of the spirit of Yankeedom as to alarm the old Young Wings at home, and cause their recall. They have also made headway intellectually, as two of them won prizes at Yale college over the heads of the smartest American born.

I had Neuralgia and Palpitation of the heart. Peruna cured me. Aug. Melgert, Pittsburg, Pa.

"INGERSOLL'S CREED" ANNOTATED.

The lectures of Colonel Ingersoll have done more than any one thing to popularize a certain gross phase of infidelity, characterized chiefly by brilliant and scurrilous wit and utter unscrupulonsness in representation. In a late number of the *Burlington Hawkeye*, Mr. Robert J Burdette pays his respects to the Colonel in a particularly happy way. The larger part of the article we produce here:

Some one sends us a little tract, containing epigrammatic expressions from Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's latest lecture, "What must we do to be saved?" We have read the tract and we have read the lecture. If this is truly Ingersoll's creed, the Colonel isn't so far out of the way. He is coming around, maybe. He manages to get considerableScripture into his creed, as he sets it forth. There is lots of hope, in fact there is a great deal of certainty for the Colonel. We subjoin a few articles of this great man's creed, just to show from what book he got his declaration of faith.

"Honest industry is as good as pious idleness," says the Colonel.

Well, that's all right. That's orthodox The Bible says the same thing, and said it long before the Colonel thought of it. —"Faith without works is dead."

Christ believed the temple of God to be the heart of man.—*Ingersoll.*

Yes, that's orthodox too. We "must worship him in the spirit." "Know ye not that ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost?"

If I go to heaven I want to take my reason with me.—*Ingersoll.*

Of course, and so you will, "for now we see through a glass, darkly; but there face to face; now I know in part; but then I shall know even as I am known." —1 *Cor.* 13: 12.

Fear is a dagger with which hypocrisy assassinates the soul.—*Ingersoll.*

That is good gospel, and "perfect love casteth out fear."

If I owe Smith ten dollars, and God forgives me, that doesn't pay Smith.—*Ingersoll.*

Correct you are; the prayer of Christianity is "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." "Owe no man anything."

If you go to hell, it will be for not practicing the virtues which the Sermon on the Mount proclaims.—*Ingersoll.*

That's all orthodoxy. "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them."

The men who saw the miracles all died long ago. I wasn't acquainted with any of em.—*Ingersoll.*

Same way with the men who saw Servetus burned. But the Colonel most firmly believes that he was burned.

A little miracle now, right here—just a little one—would do more toward the advancement of Christianity than all the preaching of the last thirty years.—*Ingersoll.*

"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."—*Luke* 17: 31.

God will not damn a good citizen, a good father, or a good friend.—*Ingersoll.*

Certainly not; nor any good man.

"A good man showeth favor, and lendeth; he will guide his affairs with discretion. Surely, he shall not be moved forever; the righteous shall be held in everlasting rememberance."—*Psalm* 22: 5,6.

Study the religion of the body in preference to the religion of the soul. A healthy body will give a healthy mind, and a healthy mind will destroy superstition. —*Ingersoll.*

That explains why the Indians have no superstitions.

People who have the smallest souls make the most fuss about saving them —*Ingersoll.*

Of course, Colonel; they are the hardest kind to save.

I will never ask God to treat me any fairer than I treat my fellow-men.—*Ingersoll.*

Well, that's perfectly orthodox. "For if ye forgive men their tresspasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their tresspasses, neither will your Father forgive your tresspasses." "For with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you."

Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no wave.—*Ingersoll.*

The Colonel must have been singing that good old hymn, "When I can read my title clear," in which occur the lines:

And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

A MATE EATEN BY A SHARK.

The schooner Laura Lewis, Captain Randlett, sailed from Mobile from Brazos Santiago on the 15th. of June. Captain Randlett, who has just returned, reports that on the outward trip, about ten miles S. S. W. of Sand Island Light, the mate, William Smith, slipped and fell overbard. Those near run to his assistance. A rope was immediately thrown overboard, followed by a plank, but before a boat could be lowered, which was not two minutes, the crew was horrified to see an immense shark raise his white belly to the surface of the water, seize poor Smith and bear him bodily out of sight. Captain Randlett lay by the place nearly 12 hours, but never saw a trace of the unfortunate man so suddenly killed. Several sharks were caught and opened, but nothing was found to indicate that either one was the man-eater. The deceased was a native of New York, about 23 years of age, and a resident of Brownsville, Texas, for the past four years.

THE COLD WATER CROWD BADLY BEATEN IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Wilmington, N. C, August 4.—The election returns are all one way. It is impossible to estimate the majority, but the State has gone overwhelmingly against Prohibition. As far as heard from not a single county was carried by the Prohibitionists.

Raleigh, N. C., August 4.—The election passed over quietly. Towns where the Prohibition strength was conceded to lie have all given, as far as heard from, heavy anti-Prohibition majorities. The vote was light. The negroes voted solidly with the Republican leaders who had pronounced against Prohibition. The majority against the measure will be large, perhaps 40,000.

TO THE SIXTEENERS

Of the Various Soldiers Orphans School of Pennsylvania.

As has been advertised throughout the State in various forms that a Re-union of the Sixteeners, and those having been honorably discharged, will be held at Harrisburg, Pa., August 24, 25, and 26, 1881, for the purpose of forming a permanent organization, we take this method of informing those interested and those desiring to attend whose address we have not obtained.

Ex-Governor Curtin has consented to deliver the opening address on Wednesday evening, 24 inst., followed by other distinguished persons who will be present.

Every arrangement has been made to make the re-union a grand success. Being already assured of a large attendance, we trust that every sixteener will attend, and also communicate with those they know, urging them to be present.

Sixteeners arriving at Harrisburg will proceed at once to the Capitol and register their names, where accomodations will be assigned them.

The Pennsylvania R. R, Philadelphia & Reading R.R., and all other branches controlled by them, will issue excursion tickets, orders for which must be procured from the committee, named below, for the full term at the rate of one per cent. each mile.

Boarding and hotel accommodations will be at greatly reduced rates to sixteeners. For further information address,—A. S. Grow, Lock Haven, Pa.; Jno. R. Rockwell, Hartford, Pa.; Edw. T. Taylor, Ewan's Mills, N. J.; Daniel A. Hull, Reading, Pa.; C. Day Rudy, Harrisburg, Pa.; Davis W. Cotterel, Harrisburg, Pa.; Frank P. Pinkerson, Elerslie, Md.

Mas. Martha J. McCoy, of Pucians, Clearfield county, was kicked on the head by a horse while driving last Friday and killed.

BRADLAUGH BOUNCED.

THE BRITISH ATHEIST FORCIBLY EJECTED FROM PARLIAMENT.

Almost a Death-Struggle to Gain Admittance

NEW YORK, August 3.—A London despatch says: At a quarter to twelve sounds of distant cheers made themselves faintly heard and murmers ran through the crowd of assembled members of Parlament, "He has come." Almost immediately Bradlaugh appeared, coming through the entrance reserved for members. He looked pale and evidently suffered from suppressed excitement. His legubrious black dress hightened the effect of his pallor, and it was frequently remarked he looked like an animated corpse. Labuchere welcomed his colleague, and the opportunity of a short delay before the proceedings could begin to hold consultation about the tactics to be pursued. The rumor ran through the lobby that Bradlaugh meant to use actual force to obtain entrance and resist removal. This heightened the interest. At the door of the House stood two Deputy Sergeants-at-arms, Erskine and Gisset, Jr., flanked on either side by a number of policemen, picked for their great bodily strength. A number of athletic Conservative members also stood close to the door only to axious to distinguish themselves as volunteers in suppressing the atheist. The defending force looked quite nervous, and closed up their ranks.

When the speaker passed through the members for Northampton showed a disposition to break through the ranks with a sudden rush. It was with a feeling of relief that all heard the announcement, "The speaker is in the chair," which told that the business had begun and the moment for action had arrived. Involuntary all the eyes were turned toward Bradlaugh, and without a word being spoke, a line was opened to let him pass through the crowd which interspersed between him and the door of the House. With a steady, resolute stride the members from Northampton made directly for the door, and so eager were the members to hear and see all that should occur that the rush nearly pushed him with the Deputy Sergeant-at-arms into the sacred precincts. Erskine, however, barred the way and informed Bradlaugh that by the Speaker' sorders he was obliged to forbid to pass. A short parley ensued in low tones, being quite audible, owing to the murmer and buzz of excited comment. Suddenly Bradlaugh seized Erskine and attempted to push him aside. Immediately the member from Northampton was seized by the other Deputy Sergeant-at-arms and a number of policemen, who proceeded to drag him across the lobby toward the members' entrance. He struggled violently and a most painful scene ensued. He was half pulled and half shoved through the door by sheer force, followed by hundreds of members principaly by Conservatives. Many of them indulged in unbecoming jibes at the scene which will be remembered with pain as long as the history of Parliament is called to mind. Down the broad stairway, struggling all the way with might and main at the risk of breaking his own and his captor's necks, was the member for Northampton dragged until the outer door of the palace was reached; then the doors were swung to and the expelled member was released from the grip of his assailants.

A number of delegates who had obtained admission to the precincts, witnessed the conclusion of the disgraceful scene from beyond the line of policemen and cries of "shame! shame!" rent the air as Bradlaugh was hurled out of the door. These men made a rush to his aid. Umbrellas were brandished and the angry cries of spectators in the Palace yard were taken up and echoed by thousands of men who were shut out from the yard by a strong cordon of policemen. For a moment it seemed as if a physical contest with the police was about to ensue and had the struggle with Bradlaugh continued the matter would have probably ended in a riot.

When Bradlaugh, who stood in the centre of the circle of the policemen like a stag at bay, recovered somewhat his breath, he said to Inspector Denning he would return with a force that would compel his admission or his arrest. Inspector Denning mockingly asked him how many would come with him. Bradlaugh replied, "Something less than a million." Cheer after cheer was given for Bradlaugh by the people, but the police soon cleared the precincts of the House and Bradlaugh was left standing alone in the midst of the policemen Here he held his post for about a half an hour and then left heartily cheered by the crowd.

PURSUING OUT LAWS WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

Chicago, July 29.—A despatch from the maple Spring Camp, Eau Clair county, Wis., says: "New life has been infused into the pursuit of the Williams brothers by the arrival of eight Indian scouts with their bloodhounds, employed out West by the United States Government. The scouts are headed by Buffalo Charlie and Yellowstone Kelley. With these names the public was made familiar during Custer's and Miles' campaign in 1876 and 1877. Buffalo Charlie's parents, brothers and sister were killed by the Indians over six years ago, since then he has given his whole heart to the work of tracking redskins and fugatives from justice generally. The trail of the outlaws will be taken up in the vicinity of Doolittle's Camp, and the scouts will go ahead with the entire pack of blood hounds, making such a hunt as was never witnessed in the big woods before."

NEARLY 100 LIVES LOST BY THE EXPLOSION OF A MEXICAN MAGAZINE.

New York, August 1.—A dispatch from Mazatlan, Mexico, gives an account of an explosion in the government magazine there caused by a guard smoking. The building was situated in the centre of a business portion of the town. The explosion completely raised the magazine, and destroyed many houses in the immediate vicinity, besides doing considerable damage to numbers of others and killing a large number of people. Immediately after the explosion the soldiers and citizens went to work to recover the bodies of those known to have been burried in the ruins. Seventy bodies were recovered, among them Francisco Pena, District Judge. The number of killed and wounded is not yet known as many bodies are still burried under the ruins.

NO GOOD PREACHING.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See another column.—*Albany Times.*

Bishop A. Havens of the Methodist Episcopal church is lying dangerously ill.

Whenever you are sick and the doctor tries this and then that, stop fooling and take Peruna.

London, August 2.—The News' Paris correspondent says: A terrible explosion has occurred in a mine at Loureches, in the department of Nord. Ten persons were killed and twenty grievously injured.

It is simply marvelous how quickly constipation, biliousness, sick headache, fever and ague, and malaria are cured by "Sellers' Liver Pills."

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

AUGUST 14.

Lesson V.—The Red Sea.

Exod. xiv. 19-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go foreward.—Ex. xiv. 15.

The Israelites were now "beside Pi-hahiroth, before Bail-zephon" (ch. xiv, 9, 10), hemmed in by the sea, the highlands of Atakah to the south-west, and the advancing Egyptians. Read ch. xii. 29-39, and xiv. 18, to learn how they came there. Escape, humanly speaking, was impossible. But here, as so often in human history, "man's extremity was God's opportunity." They were brought into this strait that Jehovah might be honored upon Pharaoh, and the sons of Israel confirmed in faith and obedience (vs. 4, 18, 31.)

Verses 19, 20.—*The angel of God*—see ch. xii. 21. Ancient commanders indicated the line of march by a huge torch, whose flame by night and smoke by day could be seen by the entire army. The LORD himself did this service for his people by supernatural means. *Removed and went behind them*—thus becoming for the time being their reward, (Is. lii. 12). a defence against the advancing Egyptians. The majestic signal-cloud, perhaps spread out like a wall, effectually separated the two encampments—to the Egyptians a *cloud and darkness*, to the Israelites a source of light. In place of the words, *it gave light by night*, the Septuagint version reads, "and the night passed," the italicised words being omitted. But there is good ground for the common reading, and since the passage of the sea was made by night (vs. 24, 27). we may reasonably conclude that the miraculous pillar illumined the pathway of the Israelites, as its dark side hindered the advance of their enemies.

Verses 21, 22.—*And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea*—no doubt with the wonder-working rod therein, according to the direction given (v. 16.) He was made instrumental in the performance of this stupendous miracle, perhaps in order to reinstate him in the favor of the people, impaired by the apparent blunder of the march to Pi-hahiroth (vs. 11, 12.) *The Lord caused the sea to go back*—that is the statement of the fact. But how was this accomplished? According to some commentators, by natural means entirely. Assuming that the passage took place near Suez it is urged that a strong east wind, acting upon the ebb-tide, would drive the waters off from the shoals at that point, and also from the end of the gulf itself, leaving the shallower portions dry, while the more northern part of this narrow arm of the sea which runs up by Suez, which was anciently broader and deeper than at present, would still remain covered with water. Thus the waters above and below would be a *wall unto them*, in the sense of Nahum iii. 8. The cessation of the easterly wind at sunrise, coinciding with a spring-tide (it was full moon), and a wind from another quarter (ch. xv. 10), would "immediately convert the low flat sand-banks first into a quicksand, and then into a mass of waters, in a time far less than would suffice for the escape of a single chariot, or horsemen loaden with heavy corselet." The Divine interposition, on this theory, consisted either in directing the march to begin at the opportune moment, or in so controlling these natural forces that they wrought together to accomplish the Divine will (Ps. cxlviii. 8.) On the other hand, it is said that only a wind sent especially for this purpose, and working with omnipotent force, could have divided the sea in the manner stated —especially if, as has commonly been supposed, the passage took place through the deep sea near the Wady Musa, some distance below Suez. It is evident, however, that the circumstances were such as to make it clear to Israel that God had wonderfully interposed on their behalf, and wrought out for them a great deliverance (v. 31.)

Verses 23, 27.—*The Egyptians pursued*—calculating, no doubt, on the continuance of the extraordinary exposure of the sea-bottom till they could reach the other side. *The Lord looked . . . through the pillar of fire and of the cloud.* On this they had not calculated. As so often before, and as the sinner always does, they had left God out of the account, and learned, too late, their fatal error. The *morning watch* was at sunrise, a little before 6 a. m. in April. Up to this time the cloud had been black and threatening to the Egyptians; now an awful splendor suddenly leaped from it and threw the army into confusion and panic—troubled it. *Took off their chariot wheels*—the Septuagint renders the word "bound" or clogged—a probable reading, says Canon Cook and perhaps more suited to the context. In either case, they were *made to go heavily* (as the margin reads), so that the terrified Egyptians were impeded in their efforts to escape. *Let us flee*—but it was too late now. The last awful judgment of an offended God was about to be launched upon them. *And the Lord said*—he who had held the forces of nature in check for a little space now gave them rein again. *The sea returned to its strength*—to its natural force as an overwhelming and destroying element. *Overthrew*—in the margin *shook off*, hurled them from their disabled chariots into the sea. As stated in verse 28, *there remained not so much as one of them* (Ps. cvi., ii.) It was a terrible blow, but necessary for the safety of God's people during their sojourn in the wilderness, whither they would doubtless have been followed, had they escaped the immediate peril, but for this fearful calamity to Egypt and her king.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

In no way is the power of the press more surely known than in the universal knowledge that has in less than a year, been diffused throughout fifty millions of people of the wonderful curative properties of that splendid remedy, Kidney-Wort. And the people from the Atlantic to the Pacific have shown their intelligence and the knowledge of what is in the papers, by already making Kidney-Wort their household remedy for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels.—*Herald.*

John Fisher, of Maitland, Mifflin Co., while felling a tree last week was instantly killed by the tree falling on him. He leaves a wife and sixteen children in poor circumstances.

An old lady writes us; "I am 65 years old and was feeble and nervous all the time, when I bought a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic. I have used a little more than one bottle and feel as well as at 30" See other column.

LEADING DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPER

In the West Branch Valley.

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This Invitation Is From John Wanamaker.

On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the *Grand Depot* well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful *Picture Gallery*, to which admittance is free.

The *Pneumatic Tubes* carrying the money through the air, and the *Electric-Light Machinery*, are also worth seeing.

There is a *Lunch-Room* in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in Ladies' Waiting Room.

Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.

NOTE.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

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A NEW AND FASHIONABLE PERFUME, FRAGRANT, REFRESHING, LASTING. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS IN PREFERENCE AT STAND 15 CENTS. HISCOX & CO., N. Y. GREAT SAVING IN BUYING FOR THE TRADE.

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Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many of the best medicines known are combined in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, into a medicine of such varied and effective powers, as to make it the Greatest Blood Purifier and Kidney Corrector and the

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It cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, and all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Urinary Organs, and all Female Complaints.

If you are wasting away with Consumption or any disease, use the TONIC to-day. It will surely help you.

Remember! This Tonic is the Best Family Medicine ever made, and is far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never Intoxicates, and cures Drunkenness. Any dealer in drugs can supply you—50c. and $1 sizes. None genuine without signature of HISCOX & Co., Chemists, N. Y.

LARGE SAVING IN BUYING THE DOLLAR SIZE.

Parker's Hair Balsam.

An elegant, agreeable Hair Dressing that **Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair** to its Youthful Color. 50c. and $1 sizes.

H. K. HICKS

Has the largest Stock of Hardware,

OILS, PAINTS, GLASS,

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that is kept by any one dealer in Centre Co., and sold at the most REASONABLE PRICES. He is sole agent for the

Celebrated South Bend Chilled Plow.

that is guaranteed to give satisfaction over 250 NOW IN USE IN CENTRE COUNTY, in less than two years introduction.

21ap

The Cyclopaedia War.

The month of July, 1881, witnesses the completion of the largest and most important literary work this country and the century have seen. It is the Library of Universal Knowledge, large type edition, in 15 large octavo volumes, containing 10 per cent more matter than Appleton's Cyclopædia, at less than one-fifth its cost, and 20 per cent more than Johnson's Cyclopædia, at a little more than one-fourth its cost.

Chambers's Encyclopædia, which forms the basis of the Library of Universal Knowledge (the last London edition of 1880 being reprinted verbatim as a portion of its contents), is the laborious product of the ripest British and European scholarship. It has developed through a century of Cyclopædia making; its various editions having been many times revised, in successive years, till it has come to be universally recognized, by those competent to judge, as standing at the very front of great aggregations of knowledge, and better adapted than any other Cyclopædia for popular use. It contains such full and important information as the ordinary reader, or the careful student, is likely to seek, upon about 25,000 subjects in every department of human knowledge. Chambers's Encyclopædia, however, is a foreign production, edited and published for a foreign clime, and could not be expected to give as much prominence to American topics as American readers might desire. To supply these and other deficiencies a large corps of American editors and writers have added important articles upon about 15,000 topics, covering the entire field of human knowledge, bringing the whole number of titles under one alphabetical arrangement to about 40,000. Thus the work is thoroughly Americanized, and the Library of Universal Knowledge becomes at once the latest and most complete Encyclopædia in the field, at a mere fraction of the cost of any similar work which has preceded it.

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To Club Agents.

The superlative value and importance of this great Encyclopædia lies especially in the fact that it is brought within the reach of every one who aspires after knowledge and culture. It is *really* a library of universal knowledge. It brings a liberal education easily within the reach even of every plowboy of the country and apprentice boy of the city. Every farmer and every mechanic in the land owes it to himself and to his children that such a Cyclopædia shall henceforward form a part of the outfit of his home. To the professional man, and every person of intelligence in every walk of life, a Cyclopædia is *a necessity.*

Of course the old and wealthy publishers who have grown rich (it is said that the Appletons have made a profit of nearly two million dollars on their Cyclopædia) from the sale of their high-priced publications are not pleased that their monopolies are broken and their power overthrown. Of course the book agents and booksellers who have been used to getting from 40 to 60 per cent commission for selling these high-priced books are not so well pleased to sell the Library of Universal Knowledge on 15 per cent commission, though those who are not short-sighted discover that their own interests, after all, are identical with the interests of *the people*, and their real profits, in the end, are increased, by the immense sales which result from meeting the people's wants. The majority of booksellers, however, are better pleased to *stand still* than to move, and the old and our numerous other standard and incomparably low-priced publications. But the Literary Revolution has always looked to *the people*, in whose interests it is, for its patronage, and it has never looked in vain, as our more than one million volumes printed last year (this year being increased to probably more than two millions) abundantly prove. You can order the Cyclopædia directly from us, and by uniting with your neighbors and friends you can secure club rates as follows:

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As a special inducement to our friends and patrons to go to work *promptly* and *vigorously*, each doing what he can for the dissemination of universal knowledge, we propose to distribute $10,000 in special premiums as follows, in addition to the regular discount to clubs:

$5,000 Reward to be distributed equally among the first 500 club agents who send us clubs of not less than five subscribers, after June 30th and before September 1st.

$5,000 Reward in addition to the first $5,000 to be distributed among the 100 club agents who, during the same time, send us the *largest number of subscribers*, not less than twenty in number, the amount to be distributed proportionately to the whole number of subscribers which each of the 100 club agents may send us.

The names of the subscribers must in every case be forwarded to us. The first $5,000 named will be distributed as specified as rapidly as the orders are received, and the remaining $5,000 will be distributed promptly on Sept. 1st. The names of the persons receiving these rewards will be printed, with the amounts received by each, and the list sent to all the club agents entering into competition for them. Subscribers must be actual *purchasers for individual use*, to entitle the club agent to the rewards under this offer, and not booksellers or agents who buy to sell again.

Persons desiring to raise clubs may send to us at once for sample volumes, if they desire, in the various styles of binding, paying us 75 cents for the volume in cloth, $1.00 for the volume in half Russia, sprinkled edges, and $1.25 for the volume in library sheep. Orders for the full sets will be filled by us with the utmost promptness, within our ability to manufacture, beginning not later than July 10th, orders being filled in the order of their receipt by us.

Specimen pages of the "Library of Universal Knowledge" will be sent free upon request. Descriptive catalogue of our large list of standard publications, with terms to clubs, and illustrated pamphlet describing book-making and type-setting by steam, will be sent upon application. Remit by bank draft, money order, registered letter, or by express. Fractions of $1.00 may be sent in postage-stamps.

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which come nearer perfection than any other wag

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

WM. KURTZ.....Associate Editor.

:o:

Centre Hall, Pa., Th'rs, Aug. 11, '81

THESE DAYS

Every train brings Us

SOMETHING NEW
SOMETHING NEW

We have some specialy nice things to show you this week.

Whitmer & Co..
CENTRAL SUPPLY DEPOT,
SPRING MILLS, PA

LOCAL ITEMS.

—All the fruits now in season constantly on hand at Sechlers, headquarters for all kinds of pure groceries.

—Mrs. Joel Riehl, of East Buffalo twp., Union county, was dangerously gored by a vicious bull a few days ago.

—Just received at Dinges' popular store, a lot of glassware, which will be sold at very low prices. Don't miss calling and securing some of it.

—Col. Shortlege, manager of Alexander & Co's Agr. Implement store, honored the REPORTER with a visit.

Peruna is not an experiment, but a fixed fact; a single bottle will convince you.

—Mr. Lot. Runkle, of Spring Mills and his sister, Mrs. Bloom, of Lock Haven, visited the REPORTER on Monday.

—The duplicate of State and county tax for 1881, is in the hands of J. C. Boal, Centre Hall, for collection. Mr. Boal is prepared to receive taxes at all times.

—The queerest of all figures are the 9 and 6. Turn the one upside down and it is 3 less; turn the other upside down and it is 3 more. Cut the tails off of them, and they amount to nothing.

Peruna cured my daughter's sore eyes after occulists had failed. C. F. Schreader, Allegheny City.

—Mr. Sam'l Kreider, of Sellinsgrove, fromerly of Potter has been visiting his friends in this section the past few weeks.

—List of letters remaining in the post office at Centre Hall, Pa., August 10, 1881. Mr. B. E. Smith, Mrs. B. C. Miller.

J. A. REESMAN, P. M.

—The temperance convention met in the court-house on last Thursday afternoon. About 20 delegates were present. Judge Divens and Chr. Bock were nominated for Associate Judges by acclamation, when the convention adjourned.

—The man who shot Garfield, we are pleased to say, did not wear a suit of clothes bought at the Philad. Branch. All right-minded men buy their clothing there, and Garfield's assassin was not of, that class, else he would not have been guilty of so great a crime.

—Were pleased to have a call from our friend D. Hess, of Linden Hall. There is one thing we devoutly wish, and that is, that Mr. H. were President of the Penn'a R. R. 48 hours. It would not take him three seconds to decide that that corporation shall do the long withheld justice due our people, and complete our railroad in short order.

—If you want to know where to get a fine article of sugar, coffee, tea, spices, or other groceries, we direct you to Sechlers for it. They positively keep no adulterated goods.

—The heat last week was most intense —the thermometer on Friday and Saturday indicating 95 deg. in continued shade. On Saturday the wind was hot; towards evening however came a refreshing shower which continued the greater part of the night. Sunday evening there was also a brisk shower.

—Dinges is selling his goods lower now than ever in order to make room for a first-class fall stock. Clothing at greatly reduced prices.

—One day last week a dog, belonging to a person in the Loop whose name slipped our memory, came across a rattle snake in the woods, and seizing it shook the reptile, so that about in two minutes there was one rattle snake less on this continent. In about two hours there was also one dog less—the fatal bite of the rattler did it.

—If those good fellows who did not succeed in getting a nomination on Tuesday, will supply their families with groceries from Sechler's, they will do the next best thing—in fact a far better thing than many a nomination would be with all its wory and expence. Sechler's have just received a fresh supply of groceries, which will be found superior to any other in the county.

—Mr. Jno. A. Woodward, of H oward and his estimable lady spent an evening with the the REPORTER folks one day last week. Mr. Woodward intending a little summer recreation, very sensibly hit upon the plan of a buggy drive, circling around through the romantic mountain scenery of Clinton and Centre counties, instead of a dusty car ride to some eastern resort. Himself and lady found it a very pleasant and invigorating trip, so tempting that they may repeat it at future seasons.

—Prof. Hayden, late musical instructor of Penn'a State College, desires to raise a class in voice culture, piano and organ instructions, at Centre Hall. The Professor has an experience of 26 years as a musical teacher and composer, and comes to us highly recommended. He is composer of "The Royal Penrbyn," "The Royal Visit," marches which had a large sale in England. He has been giving instructions in Bellefonte for several months and can furnish numerous testimonials from the citizens of that place. For further information as to terms, etc., inquire at this office or address Prof. Hayden, Bellefonte, Pa.

—Dinges has one of the best stores in the valley, and no one dare gainsay it. His goods and prices cannot be beat by any other merchant in the valley.

—We had a nice shower of rain on Wednesday noon.

CENTRE COUNTY TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

The following order of time and place will be observed in the teachers' examinations for 1881.

Millesburg and Boggs: Millesburg, Monday Aug. 22.
Unionville and Union: Unionville, Tuesday Aug 23.
Huston: Julian Furnace, Wednesday, August 24.
Worth: Fort Matilda, Thursday, August 25.
Taylor: Hannah Furnace, Friday, August 26.
Philipsburg and Rush: Philipsburg, Sat., Aug 27.
Snowshoe and Burnside: Snowshoe, Tuesd., Aug 30.
Liberty: Kagleville, Wednesday, August 31
Howard and Curtin: Howard, Thursday, Sept 1.
Marion: Jacksonville, Friday, September 2.
Walker: Hublersburg, Saturday, September 3.
Spring: Valentine's School House, Tuesday, Sept 6.
Benner: Knox' School House, Wednesday, Sept 7.
Patton Waddle's School House, Thursday, Sept. 8.
Halfmoon Stormstown, Friday September 9.
College Lemont Saturday, September 10.
Haines Aaronsburg, Monday, September 12.
Milheim and Penn Milheim, Tuesday, Sept. 13.
Miles Rebersburg, Wednesday, September 14.
Gregg Penn Hall, Thursday, September 15.
Potter Centre Hall, Friday, September 16.
Harris Boalsburg, Tuesday, September 20.
Ferguson Fine Grove, Wednesday, September 21.

A special examintian will be held at the Superintendent's office, Bellefonte, Friday, September 30; applicants must come recommended by. at least, four directors of the district in which they intend to teach and give a satisfactory reason for non-attendance at the public examinations.

Examinations begin at 9 o'clock a. m. Applicants are expected to be in time. Some of the directors also should be present to make out a list of applicants.

D. M. WOLF, Co. Supt.
Spring Mills, Pa., August 3, 1881.

EMINENT PHYSICIANS

are prescribing that tried and true remedy, Kidney-Wort for the worst cases of billiousness and constipation, as well as for kidney complaints. There is scarcely a person to be found that will not be greatly benefitted by a thorough course of Kidney-Wort every spring. If you feel out of sorts and don't know why, try a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Democratic Co. Convention.

The Democratic County Convention met in the court-house on Tuesday afternoon, and was called to order by chairman of the Co. Committee, Mr. Meek. The convention was organized by the election of the following officers:

Chairman: J N Cassanova, Esq., of Philipsburg. Mr. Cassanova, in a brief but fitting speech, thanked the convention for the honor conferred.

For Secretaries, D F Fortney, C K Essington and W G Morrison were unanimously chosen.

The delegates presented their credentials and were admitted as follows:

Bellefonte:
North W—Wm Hamilton and C Heister.
South W—D F Fortney, C Smith and Jas Dolan.
West W—R Doak.
Benner—Jerry Roan, Wm Ishler, W H Close and R Henderson, Jr.
Boggs—G M'Laughlin, C Lucas, H Lyman and Ed Shannon.
Burnside—Barnhart Veidefer.
College—Frank E. Taylor and Cal Patterson.
Curtin—D Buckly and W M Leathers.
Ferguson, Old—A. J. Orndorf, Peter Lauk and David Miller.
Ferguson, New—Jos. Haberling.
Gregg, north—James Grove and Wm. Sholl.
Gregg, south—John F Heckman, F Zettle, Jac McCool, Wm Homan and M L Rishel.
Howard borough—H Moore.
Howard twp—Jno Glenn and D Tanyer.
Huston—J C Nason.
Halfmoon—A T Gray.
Liberty—W H Gardner and J I Delong.
Marion—Joseph Hoy, John McAuley.
Milesburg—C K Essington.
Miles—Elias Shaffer, J B Kreamer. H W Carman, H Meyer, Geo B Haines and John Hosterman.
Millheim—F Knarr and Jas C Smith.
Harris—Wm A Murray, Wm Bradford and Henry Swab.
Haines—Geo Kister, Alf Kreamer, Geo Bower, Wils Russel and S Eutlinger.
Penn—P H Stover, D. C Gentzel and F Bowersox.
Potter north—John Shannon, John Sankey and J W Runkie.
Potter south—Jno Dauberman, Adam Krumrine, Wm W Kerr and Joseph Gilliland.
Philipsburg—C G Hirlinger, J N Cassanova, A G Graham, Jas Passmore and A Lukens.
Patton—G M Bush.
Rush—Wm Cullen, Jno B Long, Hugh McCann and J B Hissong.
Snowshoe—Jno Uzzle, R Haines and P Kelly.
Spring—Jno Woods, Ed Noll, A B Snyder and J H Roush.
Taylor—Sam'l Hoover.
Union—Jno Hall.
Unionville—Jno Bing.
Walker—Ambrose McMullen, David Deitrick, John H Beck, Wm. B Shaffer, A C Kreamer.
Worth—W. G. Morrison.

Mr. Hamilton offered a resolution fixing the order of making nominations which was adopted.

The convention then proceeded to ballot for Associate Judges with the following result:

	1st	2nd	3d	4th	5th
D Z Kline,	7	6	4		
J G Larimer,	38	31	35	43	49
J K Runkle,	33				
W H Miller,	19	13	15	17	
M Mitchell,	16	11	14	12	21
Jno Rishel,	19	9			
M Shafer,	17	18	18	15	22
P W Barnhart,	9	2	5	4	

The first ballot resulted in the nomination of J. K. Runkle, of Potter, and the fifth ballot in the nomination of J. G Larimer, of Spring twp., for Associate Judges. The nominations were then made unanimous.

The convention then proceeded to ballot for Sheriff, as follows:

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
L T Munson,	17	17	17	19	19	19	19			
T J Dunkle,	18	20	21	21	22	31	36	56		
F L Neff	7	9	10	9	9					
W H Noll,	6	6	7	7						
J Q Miles,	5	6	5							
J B Leathers,	2									
Jno Coldren,	5									
S K Foust,	8	13	15	14	14	14	22	36		
Geo Hoffer,	9	13	12	13	15	15	16			
D J Wieland,	3									
M Kerstetter,	8	8	8	8	12	12				
D M Neidigh,	4									

The 2nd and 3rd same as 1st ballot.

The tenth ballot resulted in the nomination of Thos. J. Dunkle, of Rush, for Sheriff, and the nomination was made unanimous amid great cheers.

The convention then nominated J. C. Harper, by acclamation, for re-election as Prothonotary.

The convention then proceeded to ballot for Register, as follows:

	1st	2nd	3rd
Furey,	25	21	26
Jamison,	11		
M'Clain,	31	44	63
Beck,	23	23	

The third ballot resulted in the nomination of Jas. A. M'Clain, of Boggs twp., for Register.

The convention nominated Frank Bible for Recorder by acclamation.

The convention then proceeded to ballot for Treasurer with the following result:

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th
S M Quistion,	15	13	16	16	15
Jos Smith,	19	18	16	15	
D C Keller,	22	23	29	41	53
J H Holt,	16	17	16	19	23
J H Griffin,	8	9			
G W Spangler,	12	13	14		

The fifth ballot resulted in the nomination of D C Keller, of Potter twp., for Treasurer, and the nomination was made unanimous.

The Convention then proceeded to ballot for Commissioner with the following result:

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Jno. Wolf	30	36	39	47
J. W. Gardner	8	8	8	
F Bottorf	37	39	38	45
B. H. Arney	5			
Wm. Lyons	5	2		
Jno. Hoy, Jr.	32	30	7	
A J Greist	45	54		
C Alexander	9	9		
Sam'l Decker	12			

The second ballot resulted in the nomination of A. J. Greist, of Unionville, and on the 4th ballot of John Wolf, of Miles twp., for Commissioners, and the nominations were made unanimous amid great cheers.

For Auditors.

F P Musser	16
H Rinehart	2
Perry Condo	22
M H Lewis	6
J S Proudfoot	27
Mr. Rily	20
Mr. Pletcher	4
Mr. Sample	2

Mr. Proudfoot was nominated by acclamation for Auditor in connection with F. P. Musser on first ballot.

On motion S. T Shugert, J P Gephart, and Edward Krumrine were appointed senatorial conferees.

J N Cassanova and D A Musser, representative delegates to state convention.

Maj. R. H. Foster, of Bellefonte, was chosen as Chairman of the County Committee by acclamation.

Terrible Lightning Casualty.

Charleston, S. C., August 6—A letter to the *News and Courier* from the western part of Burlington county. this state, gives an account of a terrible and extraordinary casualty from lightning. On Thursday afternoon a groop of twenty men, all white road hands, were standing close to the house of J. H. Clyburn, near Hartsville, when a single stroke of lightning killed four and wounded ten of the number. Five of the wounded are desperately hurt and may die. There was no storm at the time, though a heavy rain fell shortly afterwards.

BE WISE AND HAPPY.

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions of doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.—*Press.*

EFFECT OF THE HEAT.

New York, August 5.—There were thirty-nine sunstrokes to-day, six fatal. The thermometer was 94 in the shade,

SITTING BULL'S SURRENDER.

The Chief Demands the Right to Live on Either Side of the Line.

Fort Buford, July 21.—The surrender of Sitting Bull took place exactly at noon yesterday, the chief and about 200 of his people coming in and surrendering their arms and ponies to Major Brotherton, of the Seventh Infantry. They were placed in compartments between the post and the boat landing, and are as securely in Major Brotherton's charge as if they were in irons. The cavalcade, as it filed to the garrison, attracted much attention It consisted of six army wagons loaded with squaws and children, followed by twenty-five or thirty of Louis Legare's Red River carts well filled with baggage. Sitting Bull himself with his chiefs and head men rode their ponies, and did not dismount and shake hands until they arrived at the place fixed upon for their camp. Captain Clifford states that Sitting Bull has seemed more sullen and insolent than any of the chiefs he had under his management, and his actions to-day confirm this statement.

After they had been fed a council was opened. Major Brotherton, in a few remarks, forcibly outlined the policy the Government intends to follow, and by which Sitting Bull and family will be guided. He informed them that they would be sent to join a large portion of their people at Fort Yates. They need have no fears of receiving any injuries from the military so long as they behaved themselves properly, and, in short, they were to be treated the same as those of their people who surrendered during the winter. Major Brotherton's remarks were received at times by grunts of approval by nearly all the Indians present except Sitting Bull When he had finished the chief was informed that he could proceed with his speech. He remained perfectly silent for at least five minutes, as if making a review os his past life. Then addressing himself in a short speech to the Indians present (not interpreted), he finally turned to his little son and directed him to take up his rifle and present it to Major Brotherton. This being done he said: "I surrender this rifle to you through my young son, whom I now desire to act in this manner. He has become a friend of the Americans. I wish him to learn the habits of the whites and be educated as their sons are educated. I wish it to be remembered I am the last man of my tribe to surrender my rifle, and this day have given it to you and I now want to know how I am going to make a living. Whatever you have to say to give or whatever you have to say I would like to receive or hear now, for I don't want to be kept in darkness any longer. I have sent several messengers here from time to time, but none of them have returned with news. Other chiefs, Crow King and Gaul, have not wanted me to come, and I have never received good news from them. I now wish to be allowed to live on this side of the line or the other as I see fit. I wish to continue my old life of hunting, but would like to be allowed to trade on both sides of the line. This is my country, and I do not wish to be compelled to give it up. My heart was very sad at having to leave the great mother country. She has been a friend to me, but I want my children brought up in our native country, and I also wish to feel I can visit two of my friends on the other side of the line, viz: Major Walsh and Captain McDonald, whenever I wish, and would also like to visit Louis Legare, as he has always been a friend to me. I wish to have all my people to live together upon one reservation of our own on the Little Missouri. I left several families at Wood Mountain and between there and Guapella. I have many people among the Yansavarias at Poplar Creek, and I wish all of them, and those who have gone to Standing Rock, to be collected together upon one reservation. My people have many of them been bad. All are good now that their arms and ponies have been taken from them."

ON THE WAR PATH.

More Depredations by the Bloody Apaches.

Denver, August 5.—A Santa Fe courier came into Fort Craig yesterday morning and reports the Mescolero Indians, who have. since the 17 ult., been pursued by Lieutenant Guilfoyle's command, have crossed the Rio Grande and are running off stocks and killing herds in Old Mexico. So far as known two horses and one miner have been killed, and the Indians captured all the stock of Cains and McConkey's stage line from Engle station to Black Ranger. On Wednesday thirty-six citizens left San Marcial, armed and mounted, to bury the dead bodies of the killed. At noon, Wednesday, while eating dinner at Red Cannon, in the San Milo mountains, they were surprised by the Indians. At the first fire one man was killed and seven wounded and all the stock captured. The remainder of the whites then got behind rocks and despatched to men to Fort Craig for help. General Hatch ordered Lieutenant Guilfoyle's command, fifty men, then at Fort Craig, to the scene of the fight, where they probably have arrived before this. Couriers have been despatched to send two companies of cavalry, scouring San Moto and Cochillo, Negro mountains, and Lieutenant Taylor's detachment of Indian scouts is guarding and to scour the Black Range. Five companies of cavalry leave the Nevajo Reservation for the Black Range to-morrow. Thus far seven victims have been gathered by the recent raids. General Hatch is of the opinion that some of the Nevajo's have joined the Apaches as there are about six of these Indians.

TRIAL LIST—The following is the list of cases awaiting trial in the August term of court, which begins on Monday, 22d inst.

FIRST WEEK.

J B Smith	vs.	Daniel Durst.
Wm Bethlehem	"	John Peters.
J Klinger, use of	"	James M'Manus.
Jas H Williams	"	F P Blair,
R H Duncan	"	J B Leitzell.
Geo W Walker	"	Elias Horner.
Same	"	Same.
Joseph Devling	"	H Merriman et al.
Enos Ertle et ux	"	J C Johnson et al.
John F Potter	"	J A Cryder.

SECOND WEEK.

Charles Miller et al vs.		George A Bayard.
J C Miller et al	"	George A Bayard.
A Kerrin	"	M Kerrin's Ad'rs.
E Elliott	"	C Hubler et al.
W W Rankin et al	"	D F Shaffer.
W L Musser	"	M D Rockey.
Bird Coal & Iron Co	"	W M Holmes.
J R Lourie et al	"	John Straw.
J A Beaver	"	J A Winter et al.
J M Wagner, use of	"	A Masters et al.
J R&C T Alexander	"	Jno I Thompson.
J R&C T Alexander	"	Jesse Stewart.
H Eckinroth's Ad'rs	"	John W Cook.
J D Gardner	"	John W Cook.
H T Farnsworth	"	Wm P Humes.
Benj Weiland	"	Elizabeth Mallery
Michael Korman	"	Daniel Korman.
Daniel Hess	"	Geo Durst et al.
David Keller, agent	"	J & F Decker.
Thos Merriman	"	Jno T Fowler.
John G Uzzle	"	James Gates.
Samuel Hoover	"	Penn'a R R Co.
Adam Bartges	"	J G Meyer.
William Wolf	"	H Garver et ux.
A B Riddle's Adm'rs	"	John W Cook.
R T Conley	"	Jos L Neff et al.
G Odenkirk's Ex'rs	"	W H Benner et al
Isaac Thomas	"	Lot Stratton.
D J Meyer	"	J B Solt.
Wm Jamison	"	W H Blair.

Some one who claims to have tried it asserts that boiled linseed oil and charcoal mixed to the consistency of paint, and applied to timber to be buried in the earth will give it almost the durability of stone or iron. It is claimed to make such wood as poplar, basswood, ash, etc., as good for fence posts as any that can be found. Basswood posts coated with this preparation have been taken up, after being seven years in the ground as sound as the day they were set. The process is certainly very simple and inexpensive.

A MEMENTO OF HORACEGREELY

The Remains of a Socialistic Enterprise Which He Founded.

Lackawaxen, Pa., July 29.—Few people know that within twenty minutes drive of this little Delaware Valley summer resort are the ruins of the once famous "Sylvanian Home," founded by Horace Greely. The lands are now ownerless, having been offered for sale by County Treasurer Biddas for accumulated taxes last fall, but no purchaser could be found.

The lands were originally owned by Mahlon Godley, who in 1840 built a grist mill upon the property, and after sinking all his fortune sold the farm, then embracing some 2,000 acres, to Horace Greely. In 1843 Greely founded the Sylvanian Home, large numbers of people joined the "stock company" he had formed, the mills were repaired and set running, large and well-constructed houses were built, the main building covering a quarter of an acre and containing a dancing hall and chapel.

About 300 people lived there. All property was held in common; a commissary elected by the members provided all the food, which was served three times a day at one large table. On Sundays the chaplain delivered a sermon, and twice a week dances were held. The proceeds of the labor of the various artisans connected with the society went into the treasury, and affairs were progressing to Greely's satisfaction, when it was decided to erect a temple. The ground was selected, the foundation put in, and the corner-stone laid with imposing ceremonies, Mr. Greely himself delivering the address. This corner stone still remains in place, and contains copies of the *Tribune*, coins and other articles. Shortly after the corner-stone was laid a discussion as to the style of the building arose among the members of the society; jealousies followed, work ceased, and in a few weeks the association "busted." The settlers declared the stock worthless, and returned to the city, and Greely was stuck to the tune of about $20,000.

He sold the lands to Thomas House Taylor, then rector of Grace Church, New York city, who had the timber land cleared, and after netting several thousand dollars by the sale of his lumber the property was sold to a wealthy gentleman, who went South for his health, leaving the property in the hands of rascally agents, who set fire to the buildings, collected the large insurance moneys and left the country. The fields are now covered with scrub oaks and growing timber and will in a few years become very valuable again for timber lands. Nearly fifty miles of splendidly constructed stone walls, the work of the society, still remain in place, forming the only remaining sign of what was once a town of nearly 500 inhabitants.

GEN. ROBERT PATTERSON.

Death of an Old and Tried Soldier.

Philadelphia, August 7.—General Robert Patterson, who has been suffering for two weeks from Bright's disease of the kidneys and fatty degeneration of the heart and died at 9:30 this evening. He was eighty-nine years of age.

General Robert Patterson, was born in county Tyrone, Ireland, on the 12th of January, 1792. While a mere youth he came to the United States, and was placed in care of a merchant of this city.

He served through the war of 1812, and at the outbreak of the rebellion had command of the 3 month volunteers.

SPOTTEDTAIL MURDERED.

Eeadwood, D. T., August 6.—A special to the *Pioneer* from the Pine Ridge agency, Nebreska, says: Crow Dog, captain of the police at the Rosebud agency, shot and instantly killed Spotted Tail about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. There had been ill feeling between them for some time. Crow Dog went to Niobrara to await further development. Trouble is apprehended.

Green's Liver Pills have had a local reputation for the past 25 years, as the best remedy known for Liver Complaint and kindred diseases, and the constantly increasing demand for them has induced the proprietor to give them a more extended circulation.

MARRIED.

On 7 inst., in Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fisher, Henry O. Duck and Lydia E Weaver, both of Gregg twp.

On July 28, at Centre Hall, Pa., by S. M. Reiter, Samuel J. Metzler to Miss Ella Buttooff, both of Potter twp., Centre county, Pa.

DIED.

On the 17th ult., at Tylersville, Mrs. Barbara Bierly, aged 66 years, 2 months and 10 days.

On the 24th ult., at Madisonburg, Mrs. Philipena Klinefelter, aged 59 years, 8 months and 14 days.

On 7 inst., in Walker twp., Charles Hosterman, a son of Jac. Hosterman, decd, formerly of Haines twp. Mr. Hosterman was afflicted with a carbuncle on his nose, wh ch induced erysipelas and caused his death. He was a highly respected young man; a christian, and in his death the community loses an estimable citizen. The neighbors and his large circle of acquaintances deeply sympathise with the family of the deceased. His age was 37 years.

MEMOIR.

George Minnigh was born in Potter township, Centre county, Pa., on May 5, 1799, and died in his own house in Sunville borough, Venango county, Pa., on Wednesday, July 20th, 1881, aged 82 years, 2 months and 15 days.

A descendent of a family that had won both military and civic renown in Bavaria, Diedrich Minnigh, the first of the name in America, settled in Berks county, Pa., in 1740. In 1775, his son Christopher and grand-son John George, the one 42 and the other 18 years old, went together and fought for Independence, the one serving two years and the other six in that war. At a certain time, the detachment of which John George Minnigh was a member, was stationed near a block house filled with women and children, when word was brought that the block house was attacked by Indians, but the officer in command for some reason would not go to drive them away. At this crisis, John George Minnigh said, "If one man will go with me, we will save the women and children." A man named Lark volunteered to accompany him and when they came to the block house they found it hemmed in by over thirty Indians, so intent on forcing an entrance that they did not notice the approach of the rescuers. Nothing had been left within rifle range of the block house that could shelter a combatant, so our heroes crawled under cover the two men boldly advanced within close rifle shot, having agreed that Lark should load the guns and Minnigh should fire them—the latter being the bettter marksman of the two. The two intrepid men gave battle to fifteen times their number and whipped them away, Lark being severely wounded and Minnigh very fortunately escaping unhurt.

After the Revolutionary war was over and our Independence won, John Geo. Minnigh married and moved into a new settlement in Potter township, Centre county, Pa., becoming the owner of a very fine farm of 200 acres. Here, in 1799, George, the subject of this memoir, was born and spent his youth in hard work in clearing land until, at 18 years of age, his father having lost his farm by going surety for a neighbor, he was apprenticed and learned both the carpenter and cabinet maker trades, while his father made a living until he died by teaching schools. In 1821 George Minnigh was married to Anna Mary Runkle, by whom he had ten children, six of whom died while young of scarlet fever.

He joined the Lutheran church in early life and remained faithful until death, abounding even under deep affliction in faith, hope and charity. J. A. HUME.

The invalid finds in "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher" Nature's great restorer. It is wonderful. Sold by all druggists.

BY UNIVERSAL ACCORD,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best for all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS. 4

Invigorating Food for the Brain and Nerves is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Ginger Tonic restores the vital energies, and brings good health quicker than anything you can use. *Tribune.* See adv.

On Friday last, while a thunder-storm was passing over the village of Uniontown, the wife of Mr. Jacob Weist was struck by lightning and killed. Mrs. W. was sitting under the door of her residence when the electric fluid struck her.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue. 26 may 7m

FERTILIZERS.

BAKERS BALTIMORE PHOSPHATE.

CROCKERS BUFFALO PHOSPHATE.

BOSTON PACIFIC GUANO.

SOUTH CAROLINA BONE.

SULPHATE OF POTASH.

Prices very low. At the Farmers' Supply Store, opposite the Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa.

11aug3t ALEXANDER & CO.

BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE.

Tried, tested and pronounced to be equal, pound for pound, to any in the market, and from $8 to $12 cheaper, per ton. For state analysis and testimonials of practical farmers of Clinton and Centre counties, address J. C. F. ROYER, Fleming, Pa.

Orders received by J. W. Snook, Millheim; Van Pelt & Shoop or J. G. Sankey, Centre Hall.

Fertilizers delivered at all stations in car loth. Order at once to secure this advantage. Special reductions for car lots. 28 jul 3t.

TRADE KIDNEY-WORT MARK

THE ONLY MEDICINE

IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM

That Acts at the same time on

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

WILL SURELY CURE

KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why suffer Billous pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?

The KIDNEY-WORT *and rejoice in health.*

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

SHERIFFS SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Feirl Facisa, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponsa. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, and to me directed there will be exposed at Public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte, on

Saturday, August 20, A. D. 1881,

at one o'clock p. m. the following described real estate of the defendant, to wit:

No. 1.

Suit of John Irwin Jr., vs. C Holter et. al. No 136 Jany. T. 1881. Debt $3,672.20, vend Ex. No. 29 Aug. T. 1881. First Atty.

The following described Real Estate of C Holter one of the defendants' to wit: All that certain tract or piece of land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: On the north by land of Jacob Holter and Henry Tompson, on the east by the lands of Thomas Butler and James Wagner, on the south by lands of Levi Sulenberger and John Tompson, Containing 180 acres more or less. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, large bankbarn and other outbuildings.

ALSO.

All that certain tract or piece of land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of Curtin &Co., on the east by lands of J D Gardner, on the south by lands of Christ Holter and on the west by lands of Henry Thompson. Containing 50 acres more or less; no buildings.

ALSO.

The real estate of John D Gardner another of the defendants, to wit: All that certain tract or piece of land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the north by lands of Curtin & Co, on the east by the lands of Thomas Butler, on the south by the lands of Christ Holter and on the west by lands of Henry Thompson, containing 40 acres more or less, no buildings, and out of the above described premises 20 acres set apart to John D Gardner, the defendant under his claim for ($300) leaving all that certain lot or piece of ground situated in Liberty township Centre county Penn'a, bounded on the north by lands set appart to John D Gardner, on the east by lands of Thos. Butler, on the south by the lands of Christ Holter and on the west by the lands of Henry Thompson, containing 10 acres more or less no buildings.

ALSO

The following described Real Estate of Simon Lingle one of the defendants to wit: All that certain tract or piece of land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the north by the lands of Christ Nestleroda, on the east by lands of T A Snyder and John F Clark, on the south by Bald Eagle creek, and on the west by public road and by lands of J E Snyder and O M Burlow, containing 55 acres more or less, thereon erected a two story dwelling house, small barn and other outbuildings.

ALSO

All that certain tract of unseated land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Penn'a, surveyed in warrantee name of John Potter, bounded on the north by Bald Eagle creek, on the east by the lands of Samuel Bechdol, on the south by lands of John Irwin and on the west by lands of J G Love and Dr. J Bechdol, containing 100 acres more or less, thereon erected a small frame tenant house.

ALSO

All that certain tract of unseated land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Penna Surveyed in the warrantee name of Simon Lingle, bounded on the north by lands of John Masden, on the east by lands of Liggett heirs and others, on the south by lands of John Irwin, Jr. and on the west by lands of Clark and Spangler, and others, containing 75 acres more or less; no improvements.

ALSO

All the right title and interest of the said Simon Lingle in and to all that certain tract of unseated land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the north by lands of Liggett heirs and others, on the east by lands of William Dehass, on the south by lands of Simon Lingle, containing 168 acres more or less. Surveyed in the warrantee name of Shaw and Lingle; no improvements. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Christian Holter. Simon Lingle and J D Gardner. No 2

Suit of Geo Hopson use of John Hopson vs. R R Bridgens, No 33 Jany term, 1881. Debt $8461 vend ex No 25, Aug term, 1881. Furst, att'y

All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Harris township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post and running along lands of George Shenebarger north 81° west 15 perches to a white oak, thence along lands of Dr A Henderson heirs south 55° west 89 perches to a stone, thence along lands of John Hason south 273° east 96 4-10 perches to a white oak, thence south 624° west 7 perches to a stone, thence south 274° east 127 perches to a stone, thence along lands of George Shenebarger north 72° east 94 5-10 perches to a stone, thence north 274° west 77 8-10 perches to a white oak stump, thence north 681° east 13 perches to a stone, thence along land of Joseph Moyer north 27° west 98 perches to a post, thence north 694° east 8-10 of a perch to a post, thence north 27° west 14 perches to a post, thence south 694° west 8-10 of a perch to a post, thence north 27° west 53 perches to the place of beginning, containing 147 acres and 93 perches being the same tract of land which was seized in execution upon a judgment vs. John B McWilliams and which was conveyed to George Hopson by deed of B F Shaffer, High Sheriff of Centre county, dated Nov 29, 1875 and by said George Hopson and wife conveyed to R R Bridgens by deed dated Dec 23, 1875, thereon erected a two story dwelling house, large bank barn and other out buildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of R R Bridgens. No. 3.

Suit of S D Cox, et ux. vs: J H Rankin adm of etc. of No. 260, Nov term, 1878. Debt, $905 33 Vend Ex No. 13, Aug term, 1881. Furst att'y.

All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Snow Shoe township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on McKasin alley in the town of Sanearia, thence north 57½ perches to a maple, thence west along lands of Mr J G Bechdol 56 perches to a post, thence south 57½ perches to a post, thence east 56 perches to the place of beginning, containing 20½ acres, strict measure. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J H Rankin, administrator of Edward Ide, deceased. No 4.

Suit of Thos M Way & Son, use of vs Richard W Singleton adm of etc No 319 Aug term, 1878. Debt $37 56. B & G att'y's.

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Taylor township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: On the north by an alley and on the west by the Bald Eagle valley plank road, fronting on said plank road about 200 feet and extending back 200 feet. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Richard

The Evening Hour.

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.—*Psalm civ.*, 23.

Oh, calm, sweet evening hour,
What lulling charm doth o'r my senses flow,
As fans your cooling breath my fevered brow
With soothing power?

Oh! sweet to sit and muse—
As wanes the day o'er dell and meadow fair,
While song-birds' swelling throats are hushed and still,
And flowers diffuse

Choice fragrance on the air—
One line of yellow light lost into pink,
Rims the horizon round as pictures rei
In borderings fair.

The picture is thus fair
I gaze upon; and God hath made it so;
And now He wills I rest from labor done,
With grateful prayer.

—*Good Words.*

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

"I'm called Little Buttercup," she answered, looking up into his face, with a gay little half-defiant laugh.

It seemed the best name for her, certainly, as she sat there on the mossy meadow bank, beside the brook, with the small golden blossoms starring all the sward about her. She had thrown her hat by, on the grass, and had tucked in a bunch of the same gold-burnished cups into the loose knot of her hair, which here and there had much the same bright glow and glint. And as bright as sunshine was the light in the round laughing eyes she lifted to the young man who had just paused across the brook, with only that babbling hurry of ripples between him and her sunny resting-place.

He looked more than half-minded to set the barrier at naught.

"Dear Little Buttercup," he quoted in his turn, half under his breath; at least in a tone which the girl need not hear if she did not choose.

Whether she did or not he was at a loss to guess, her next quotation being as applicable to her own preceding speech as to his.

"'I'm sure I could never could tell why'—" demurely plucking at her lapful of flowers, with the prettiest rosy tips of fingers. "But my name," she said, presently, looking up at him again, "won't help to guide you to Woodvale, where you say you want to go. You must follow this brook—no, no, not on this side," she added, hastily, seeing him glance about him for a convenient spot at which to spring across to her. "You must keep on, along the bank you are on, until you come to where two pathways fork."

"But, you see, I lose myself so easily!" He shot a furtive, laughing glance at her from under the slouched brim of his straw hat; a glance which he meant her to miss, and which he fancied from her unmoved face, she did. "Your namesakes, all the little buttercups, are climbing up my side of the bank, and I think you ought to be among them to insure my not straying from the right road."

She got up, dropping him the demurest of courtesies, taking hold of the skirt of her brown Holland frock, with her two hands full as they were of the field-flowers she had gathered.

"I'll show you the way with pleasure, sir," she said—"only you must keep on that side, on your own side, or you can't go right. There is no need for me to cross, thank you"—drawing back as he would have reached forward to help her. "I can show you the way from here; and our paths don't lie in the same direction."

"I am sorry to hear that; but won't they sometimes cross?" he asked, with a touch of meaning in his voice, at which many a rustic coquette would have bridled or looked conscious. But this girl lifted her eyes to him innocently, shaking her head.

"No, indeed; how should they, with the brook growing wider and wider between? You see, it is too wide already"—for they had both been walking on as they spoke. "And here we are at the fork. This is your path, to the left; it takes you straight to Woodvale."

With a hasty nod, before he knew what she would do, she had turned and pushed her way midst a clump of alders straggling toward the stream just there upon her side. Upon the other, the young man stopped short; but all that he could see was only the shaking of the green boughs that screened her from his view, as she went through them.

If he could have had a glimpse between those boughs he would have been surprised by the pantomime enacted there. For little Buttercup no sooner found herself alone in her green covert, than she let fall all the golden blossoms she had been carrying, and brought her two empty hands together with a soundless clap of delight; then she executed a pirouette, unmistakably expressive of the same feeling, and lastly, wheeling round lightly a tip-toe, until she faced in the direction the stranger had taken, she blew an airy kiss daintily from the tips of her fingers—a kiss, no hint of which, she knew, could possibly reach him through the intercepting branches. Then, demurely picking up her hat, which had dropped from her arm during all this display, she struck into a path which led her back in the very direction whence she had come. It was easy enough to spring across the brooklet there; and after awhile, but slowly, she was following the self-same way which he had taken an hour before her. So soon, for all she had said to the contrary, did their paths cross!

The man, meantime, after standing disconcerted for a moment, gazing blankly at the spot where she had disappeared, and where that pantomime was being enacted for the benefit of the birds and a small squirrel peeping out among the leaves, had turned and taken to his designated path. It led him quickly and easily into the well-kept and handsome grounds of Woodvale, and to its doors, which he had once thought would open to him as the master, but which he entered now as guest.

For Ralph Wood's story was a somewhat strange one. His father, who had died in Ralph's infancy, was the younger of the two sons of the old master of Woodvale, and had estranged himself from his family by his marriage with the "prettiest low-born lass" that ever made a man forget family and fortune. Though estranged, his father at his death had not left this younger son quite penniless, though Woodvale had gone to the elder son, an eccentric scholar and traveler, who had been spending years in wanderings and researches in the far East. About a year ago young Ralph Wood had received tidings through the family lawyer of his uncle's death in one of those Eastern lands, and of his succession as the only one of that name. Ralph was at that time hard at work studying in a German university, and he did not allow the news of his improved fortunes to disturb him, unless it were with golden visions of a bright future in store for him when he should have finished his course. But before he did finish it there came another letter from the lawyer, inclosing one from his uncle himself, who was not dead, but living, and on his way back to Woodvale the mistake having arisen from the death of another Englishman of the same name in the East also. This was some four or five months ago; and to-day Ralph had come, at his uncle's invitation, to take his first view of the inheritance which for a few months he had supposed to be his own.

"You'll not begrudge it to me for a little while, eh, Ralph, my boy?" the old man was saying to him, as the two were seated in the library together, an hour or so after the young man's following of the path pointed out to him by Little Buttercup had brought him to Woodvale. "It will only be for a little while; and then the old place will go to you, I hope. For though it is not entailed, I cannot approve of land going out of the name. With other property, of course, it is different—a man must provide for his own. But Woodvale should go down to a Wood; a girl counts for nothing there."

Ralph looked at him rather vacantly; what had a girl to do with the question? But he had not time to think it over, for his uncle was resuming:

"There is only one condition I shall make, Ralph. That you shall marry in your own rank of life. There, you need not frown—I did not mean the least reflection on your mother, who lived and died a very estimable woman, I have heard. But—call it a whim of an old man, if you will—my father had it before me—I do not mean that Woodvale which is mine absolutely, to leave as I please, shall be yours unless you do marry in your own rank. I tell you this now, that hereafter there may be no disappointment."

"There could be no disappointment in any case," Ralph answered, calmly. "I came here to see you, not your lands. But I must tell you, Uncle Gilbert, the inheritance would not stop me if I wished to marry."

"Would not stop you? Heavens, boy, don't tell me that already—"

"No," he said, laughing and coloring all over his handsome young face, "Not already, sir; and I hope never; for I confess to a liking for being the master of Woodvale when the hour comes for it to change masters—an hour which I trust is far away."

There was a hearty ring in the words, at which the old man looked pleased. He was about to make some answer, when a servant entered to announce dinner—giving his master at the same time a little twisted note, which, when he had read, the old man put into his pocket with a puzzled air. Ralph would have been still more puzzled, could he have glanced over his shoulder, but perhaps the reader will understand more at a glimpse of it:

"DEAR PAPA—If you haven't told him anything about me, don't. I am not coming in to dinner. It is just a whim of mine, which you must obey."

So the two men went into the old dining-hall together, and there was no mention of any absentee.

During the week that ensued Ralph found his time very much on his own hands. His uncle did not attempt to make a change in his studious habits upon his nephew's account; and his long wanderings abroad had made him so thoroughly un-English, that there was absolutely no intercourse between him and his neighbors. The very servants were all Orientals, brought here by him on his home-coming; so that Ralph, for conversation however limited, was restricted to his uncle's society, in the few hours which did not find the latter engrossed in books and papers.

Entirely restricted, the old man might have said, if he had thought about it at all. But in reality there was one exception.

Down in the meadow, by the brookside, the buttercups were blooming still; and Ralph found himself there among them day after day. Perhaps he was becoming a botanist; at any rate, the buttercup is said to be very useful to the student of botany, as being an excellent type of all flowers.

He was saying this to Little Buttercup just now, and she was listening between a laugh and a blush. Certainly the roses and the lilies were in her face, as well as the yellow gold in her hair, and the violet-blue in the soft eyes which lifted themselves to him and then dropped shyly under their long lashes.

"So, you see, if I might gather the Little Buttercup for my very own"—he was adding—"I would have all that is sweetest and loveliest upon earth."

She did not answer him; what could she say? and he bent forward—he was leaning on his elbow beside her, on the mossy bank—and took in his the small hand that was plucking at the mosses.

"Dear Little Buttercup, do not keep me in suspense. Tell me if I am to go empty-handed away?"

She turned her eyes upon him then, with a strange, searching gaze.

"Empty-handed?" she said. "Empty-handed? If you take me will you not have to let fall everything else? I have heard it said that the old master of Woodvale is a proud man; will he not be angry if you marry a little country girl, not of your own rank? and one, indeed, of which you know so little; for what have our chance meetings, when our paths have crossed in the woods and fields, really taught you of me?"

"That you are the one thing needful to me in the world," he said, promptly. "Anything else I am content to learn when you are ready to tell me. Am I so blind as not to see for myself what a good, true girl you are, my darling? As for my uncle"—he said, still meeting her gaze frankly—"I am sorry to vex him, for the old man has been good to me; but I do not propose to sell myself for Woodvale. No; if I may have my little Buttercup I shall have all I want on earth."

She drew herself away from him suddenly, with a shy laugh, and sprang to her feet.

"You mean to intimate that I shall prove a handful?"

He had risen, too. He was standing before her, pale with his earnestness.

"Do not trifle with me," he said. "Answer me. It is no jest to me."

"I am not trifling"—gently, but not making any movement to put her hand in his, outstretched for it. "I am not trifling; but I cannot answer you just yet. You must see your uncle first. Then I will answer you."

"But surely—"

She did not wait for him to finish. As on the first day, she brushed hastily in among the alders which closed round her, leaving Ralph alone.

He did not linger there. It was but a little later when he stood in the Woodvale library, and startled the old man out of a curious-looking folio he was poring over.

"I have come to tell you, Uncle Gilbert," the young fellow said, abruptly—"I am going away from Woodvale. I am soon to say good-bye to you, doubly sorry if it vex you—but I must be going."

"Going away!" The old man leaned back inshis chair and took off his spectacles as if he could read the young one better without them. "What is the matter, Ralph? What has happened? Going away? When?"

"When you please," said the other, with a short laugh. "I am afraid it is the only way I can please you now, sir. The fact is"—stammering a little, and then angry with himself for it—"I am not ashamed of it, Uncle Gilbert, though I am sorry to vex you—but the fact is I mean to marry—if she will but have me—a little village girl of this neighborhood; and I can't stay any longer under your roof under false pretenses, you thinking that I mean to please you in this matter of my marriage."

He had gone straight on to the end, apparently unheedful of such commentary on his words as the old man's surprised and angry gestures and his listless sinking back into the chair might make. But he had not really been unheedful; there was a troubled look in his eyes that showed he had not lost the meaning of one movement.

"I thought something would go wrong!" cried the old man, feebly. "I had a misgiving that I should have spoken out right from the first. But it may not be too late now. Ralph, you have not had altogether an English education; you are not bound down by insular prejudice?"

Ralph did not know what to answer to this; he stood leaning against the chimney-piece, waiting for the sequence of this preamble. It came hurriedly and nervously.

"You must often have heard, when abroad, of marriages arranged by the heads of families; and you must have known that they often turn out more happily than so-called love matches. Now, I have a marriage in my mind for you—"

For very amazement Ralph forgot to interrupt, save by a gesture, which the old man disregarded, hurrying on:

"My own was a love-match—yes, you start at that; you did not know I had been married. It was before I went abroad; soon after your father's death. We did not resemble each other, we two brothers; but I was like him in this, that I, too, fell in love with a girl lowly born, and married her. But—I don't know how it was with your father's marriage, Ralph, mine did not make me happy. Perhaps the fault began with me," he went on moodily; "perhaps it was that I did not come out boldly, as my brother had, but feared to tell my father, and trusted to bringing matters round. But meantime my poor Matty died—her life had been spoiled, too, for it was her vanity which had made her pleased at being courted by a fine gentleman, as it was her pretty face which had attracted me. She left me a child—a little girl, whom I had to intrust to her kindred—good, homely folk in a distant county, who had no clear idea of the identity of poor Matty's husband, but were willing to undertake the charge for Matty's sake and a liberal remuneration. You see now, Ralph," he went on, looking earnestly at the young man, "why I sent for you to come to me here. I always meant to tell my father of my marriage, that he might see how both of his sons were on the same footing; but he died while I was still putting it off; and then I thought of this way of righting the matter. If you should marry my little Maud—the child is rarely lovely—"

Ralph had been trying now to stop him in good earnest.

"Do not let us bring her name in, Uncle Gilbert. I have come to tell you of the girl I hope to marry."

"But you have not seen Maud," said the old man, testily. "She has been keeping out of your way; she will not see you. And she is such a willful little minx"—his features relaxing in a smile half pleased and half abashed—"I can do nothing but just let her have her way. I thought in time all must come right. I never thought that in one week—"

"You must not regret it," said the young man, gently. "My Cousin Maud—I'm afraid I have been exiling her from home all this while—will not be so willful when you find some one better worth her having."

"But—Woodvale—and the girl is, after all, my child—"

"And rightful heir, Uncle Gilbert. Let her have Woodvale, and welcome. "And now, that is settled, perhaps you will not be angry with me that I take my own way—"

"Ralph—"

There was a stir amidst the heavy lace curtains which screened the library from the picture gallery. And then the curtain was pushed aside, and a small white figure stood against the crimson.

"Ralph, perhaps your uncle will let you introduce me to him?"

The young man sprang forward eagerly, though in his bewilderment it seemed to him as if he were in a dream. He took her two hands in her own, and drew her toward him proudly.

"Uncle Gilbert, you see—"

The old man put on his spectacles, as if not sure that he did see.

"Maud!"

"Or Little Buttercup," she said, with a charming blush, turning her face round on her lover, while she disengaged one hand and held it out to her father.

Boer Marksmen.

On my first shooting expedition to the Bontebok Flats I was accompanied by a soldier servant who had gone through his course of musketry instruction at Maidstone with credit, had passed all drills and was fit to fight the foe. He carried my spare rifle. I left him in charge of the horses, and tried to stalk a herd of springbok. They took alarm and ran round to within five hundred yards of where I had left him. Instead of waiting till I could get back, he fired without result. On my blaming him he said: "It was not a bad shot, sir; I saw the bullet strike. It was only a hundred yards short, and a little to the right!" Now, there were at least 200 deer in that herd. I bagged nothing that day, and toward evening met a Dutch farmer, followed by his after-rider, returning to camp. They had three springbok and one rehbok on their saddles, and these animals are not very much larger than goats. I found him very friendly, and I told him I had not been able to get within 400 yards of game all day, though I had had considerable experience in India. He said: "That is quite near enough. I shot one buck 500 yards, one at over 400 yards; the other was very near, only 200 yards." He asked me to come to his camp, and told me that judging distance was the great difficulty, and having rifles properly sighted. He pointed to an ant hill on the opposite side of several ravines, and said: "That is 500 yards off," set his sights, fired, and the white dust flew in the air. He pointed to another in an opposite direction, and said: "That is 400 yards," altered his sights and the dust flew again. This rifle was sighted at one hundred yards, at which distance, he told me, he had often killed single deer. I bought it of him. There are several reasons why the Boers should be what they are as a nation—without exception the finest shots in the world. They carry rifles from boyhood all the year round, having no close season for game, the countless herds from the interior of Africa constantly invading their farms. The clearness of the atmosphere enables them to see a great distance, and the almost constant dryness of the soil enables them to see where their bullets strike, and to know if they have judged the distance accurately. This is an incalculable advantage, as in Scotland it is almost always impossible to see where the missing bullet strikes, and few sportsmen pretend to kill even the great red deer at much over 200 yards. I knew a Cape farmer constantly kill bushbok no bigger than a fallow deer from his dressing-room window on a sunny grass field at a measured distance of 400 yards, where they would come to feed at dawn.—*London Field.*

Youthful Heroism.

A year ago, in the summer of 1880, a deed of heroism was performed by a young lad at Alessandria, in Piedmont, for which he has just been rewarded in a characteristically Sub-Alpine and Latin manner. Some children were playing upon the bank of the river Tanaro, when one of them, a boy four years old, toppled over into the stream, and, as it chanced, at a most dangerous spot, where practiced swimmers had already lost their lives. Eduardo Pozzi, a lad of twelve, who saw the accident, determined to venture upon the task of rescue. He knelt down, made the sign of the cross and jumped boldly into the raging waters. He was seized by the torrent, but not until he had tightly grasped the little boy. The two were sucked under by the waters, but rose again to the surface, and the young hero, with great resolution and daring, forced his way into still water, from whence a policemen drew him to the shore. He fell down exhausted and unconscious, but kept a firm grip upon the little fellow whom he had saved.

The king of Italy heard of the deed, and directed that the silver medal of the Order of Merit, with his king's thanks, should be sent to the little hero. The actual bestowal of the gift, however, was reserved to the present year, when the anniversary was made the occasion of a public ceremonial. The courtyard of the Collegio Nazionale was adorned with flowers and banners; the municipal authorities were convoked; the whole population was invited to take part in the function; and Senator Zopp fastened the medal upon the boy's breast, while the mayor of Alessandria gave him a kiss upon his forehead in the name of the whole town. When Pozzi was questioned about his deed he said, with touching modesty: "I knew that if I were drowned he and I would have gone into Paradise together." His father, who is a railway servant, was invited to dinner by the prefect, and the sons of that functionary solemnly divided bread and salt with the hero of the day, as a token of perpetual alliance. The father refused to receive a sum of money which had been collected.—*London Globe.*

Better break thy word than do worse in keeping it.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

M. Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, has just declined to take less than $160,000 for his new picture of "Christ before Pilate." It is not so long ago that this brilliant and now wealthy artist was a cabinet-maker's apprentice, and was thankful to earn small sums in his leisure hours by painting flowers upon the furniture of the peasant farmers of his native town, taking his commissions from them as he stood in the market-place with his master's wares. A chance talk with two art students, who stood with him under a gateway during a heavy shower, first opened to him the way to a regular academical education.

"If it were only possible," Mrs. Garfield said, "for my husband and me to go around and see all these dear people who have been so grateful in their remembrance for us here of late days, I would be so happy; and I know he would, too. I want to thank them—to tell them all how kindly I feel toward them for what they have said to me. I never could understand anything about politics, and if I liked a person it made no difference whether they were Republicans or Democrats; and now I have grown to think that there is not much difference between the two great parties, for one says just as kind words in our present affliction as the other. It makes me feel like forming an opinion as to what I would do were women permitted to vote as well as men. I believe I would get two tickets, fold them together so as to look like one, and drop them back in the ballot-box."

A wealthy land-owner at Gonesse, France, has founded upon his estate a private asylum for superannuated animals, which, except for his protection, would perish of neglect. Many of the inmates of this strange establishment have attained extraordinary ages; indeed, the figures representing the number of their years, which their benefactor carefully records, severely tax credulity. The patriarch of the family is a mule in his seventy-third year; next come a cow thirty-six years old, a pig of twenty-seven, and a goat of eighteen summers. In the quarters assigned to fowls the visitor is introduced to a goose in its thirty-eighth year, whose paunch touches the ground and whose feet are disfigured by countless warts. In the aviary are a sparrow in his thirty-second year, and a bullfinch reputed to be twenty-eight years old. Young and frolicsome creatures need not apply for admittance to this asylum, for only the aged are received.

A curious provision of the criminal code of Germany, for which there is no analogy in English or American legislation, makes deliberate homicide, where it is perpetrated at the request of the victim, a lesser grade of crime than murder, and places it within the discretion of the court to impose as low a sentence as three years' imprisonment for the offense. Under this law a miller's apprentice of Berlin has just been sentenced for cutting his wife's throat. He was out of work and money, and he and his wife formed the resolution to commit suicide by taking poison. His wife, however, drained the cup containing the mixture alone, leaving none for him, and after a while begged him to kill her at once, to put an end to the suffering that ensued. He complied with her request by making several gashes in her throat. This state of facts was deemed sufficient to warrant a sentence of only four years' imprisonment.

The Atlanta Industrial exposition, to open October 5, promises to be a great success. The entries already number over 1,100, representing all branches of industry and production. Foreign exhibits are being offered freely, and two steamers are under charter to sail from Liverpool for Savannah with goods for the exhibition, while other exhibits will follow either in specially chartered vessels or by the regular channels of commerce. Some of the machinery and processes to be exhibited will be of an unusually interesting character, and some will be entirely new developments of industry. The exhibition of cotton and silk fabrics will be especially attractive. The associated railroads of the South will make a representative display of woods, soils and minerals from all sections of the Southern States, and the planters of the Mississippi valley will make a typical exhibition of sugar, cotton and tobacco. The last will be seen in all stages of growth and manufacture, from the springing plant to the finished cigar and plug. One of the largest and most active displays will be a competitive exhibition of fifty cotton gins, by as many different manufacturers. The influence of this exposition upon the prosperity of the South, and, indeed of the whole country, in the stimulus it will give to enterprise and invention, and the enlargement of existing fields of competition, will undoubtedly be very great.

Mayor Richmond, of Pueblo, in the mining region of Colorado, tells the Philadelphia *Times* that many of the stock companies are operated without honor or decency, being merely schemes to beguile unsuspecting people in the East. He gives the following account of how the trick is usually played: "A company will be formed representing a cash capital of perhaps $100,000, for the purpose of opening new mines and of carrying on the business of mining generally. A claim is bought and opened. Suppose the mine shows up or 'sights' for $100,000, the capital stock. The company then proceeds to put the mine on the Eastern market at a capital of $1,000,000, or possibly, if the company is unusually sharp, at $5,000,000. This is done by going to a few prominent capitalists and saying: 'Here, we will let you in on the ground floor of this company if you will take some stock and help us along by your influence.' The capitalists buy the stock and lend their names, and in a short time the entire stock is taken by Eastern investors, who are deceived by seeing the prominent capitalists as heavy stockholders. When the stock has all been taken the money is divided between those on the 'ground floor,' and operations go on as in all well-regulated companies. The concern never pays a dividend in the world, and the second class of stockholders never see a cent of their money."

John Chinaman has made, literally, a new departure in which we are more interested perhaps than anybody except himself. The Sydney (Australia) *Herald* states that in a fortnight over 2,000 Chinese arrived at that port, and that they described themselves as but the pioneers of an immense body of emigrants who were on route from Hong Kong. Both pioneers and main body were of the poorer class, "who had scraped together the £8 for their passage and landed penniless." They received almost as cool a reception in Sydney as they would have done in San Francisco, and were as unwelcome to no one as to the rich Chinese merchants and traders in Sydney, who were compelled to keep them from starving until work could be found for them. These traders declared that 20,000 of their less lucky brethren would pour in on them before the year was out, and that there would be no cessation to this flood of paupers unless prompt and decisive measures were taken to stop it. No books have ever given us an idea of the insufferable poverty which eye-witnesses describe as existing in the rice district of the north of China, a poverty so extreme that fathers not lacking in domestic affection sell their children for less than a dollar to save them from slow starvation, and strangle the new-born babe to keep it from further knowledge of a life which has in it nothing but torture. It is no wonder, says a New York paper, that this torrent of misery seeks every outlet of possible escape. It will escape, no matter how it is driven back. It has never been found in history that any starving horde remained within enforced limits to die while there were fat untilled spaces of the earth's surface lying vacant.

NEWS EPITOME.

East and Middle.

One of the smaller hotels and a railroad depot at Coney Island have been destroyed by fire.

A man with an old-fashioned gun on his shoulder was noticed going up the steps of the old capitol at Albany, N. Y., and was halted by the superintendent of the building and asked where he was going, to which he replied: "I am adjutant of this State." The superintendent, fearing that harm was intended, asked for the gun, but the stranger declined to give it up, whereupon a desperate struggle ensued for its possession. The gun was finally secured, and the stranger, who had not yet recovered from a spree, was locked up. The affair gave rise to a rumor that an attempt had been made to assassinate Governor Cornell.

A fifteen-year-old New York schoolgirl drowned herself the other day because she had been scolded by her mother.

While William G. De Turk and his family were out riding at Reading, Pa., their horses became frightened at a dog which ran out at them and ran away, breaking the carriage into small pieces. Mr. De Turk was instantly killed, his wife and son were seriously injured and Mrs. H. H. Hall, his sister, was severely injured.

Mrs. Van Vorst was killed by lightning at Carbondale, Pa., and four other persons were seriously injured.

John McCombe and Miss Isabella Wright, his affianced, were walking on the railroad track near Providence, R. I., when a train came up behind them. To avoid the danger they stepped hastily on the other track. Just at that moment an express train came sweeping around a curve, and striking the two crushed them into a shapeless mass.

Leo Hartmann, a leading Russian Nihilist, has arrived in New York, and is giving an account of the operations of his order to the papers.

A fire at Deep River, Conn., destroyed Pratt, Read & Co.'s piano factory, doing damage to the extent of $150,000.

West and South.

Bright Eyes, the daughter of a Ponca Indian chief, and who spoke in the East two years ago on the wrongs of her people, has been married to T. H. Tibbals, of Omaha, who took up and fought through the courts the cause of the Poncas who had been arrested for leaving their reservation.

At Muir, Mich., a small house occupied by Alonzo Derrick with his wife and six children caught fire in an upper chamber where three of the children—a deaf mute, aged eleven, and two other boys, aged respectively eight and five—were sleeping, and they were burned to death.

Twenty-five tenement-houses, two sawmills, the depot stores, boarding-houses and stables in Wallace, Mich., were burned recently; also the year's stock of logs, a large lot of piled lumber and thousands of ties, posts and telegraph poles. One school-house and two small tenements are all that remained standing.

Intense excitement was created in the Chicago exchange by a corner in wheat and other staples. Every staple in the market was bought in and cornered by some clique.

Professor Ormond Stone, of the Cincinnati Observatory, and his assistants are watching the new comet, discovered a few days ago, with much interest. They devote all their available hours to observing the stranger. They say the comet will be in perihelion about a month hence. It is at present about 150,000,000 miles from the earth, and is approaching the earth very rapidly. When it reaches its perihelion it will be distant about four-tenths of the distance between the earth and the sun. No tail was visible when the comet was first seen, but the observations of Professor Stone indicated that a tail was becoming visible. The tail is now perceptible by the aid of the telescope. Whether the comet will become visible to the naked eye cannot yet be determined, but the professor thinks there is at least some probability that such may be the case. Its location seems to be nearly the same as that of the comet which appeared some weeks ago. It seems to be making in a northerly direction. Professor Stone thinks it very probable that this is the great comet which was observed by the Chinese in 1337. The orbits of the two are very nearly the same.

Lightning struck and killed a telegraph operator at Madison, Wis., as he sat at his instrument.

A monument to the Confederate dead was unveiled a few days ago at Culpepper, Va.

Colonel R. M. Edwards, Greenback candidate for governor of Tennessee at the last election, was assaulted at Nashville by Albert Ackers and severly beaten. Ackers had sued his brother, George F. Ackers, and Colonel Edwards, for $50,000 for slander.

Thomas H. Goodale, a wealthy building contractor and respected citizen of Minneapolis, Minn., has become insane from Guiteau's act and has been assuring his friends that he was called for to shoot Governor Pillsbury. His declarations of late became so frequent that he was the other day taken to the asylum at St. Peter to forestall a possible assassination.

Miss Minnie Reeve, telegraph operator and agent of the Minneapolis and St. Louis railroad at Hopkins, Minn., was killed by a collision between an empty train and a locomotive on which she was riding.

J. L. Jennings, who recently murdered a man on the Animas river, New Mexico, to secure the latter's wife, was lynched at Tierra Amarilla.

John J. Bagley, ex-governor of Michigan, is dead.

Three men at Napa, Cal., were instantly killed by the explosion of a boiler attached to the engine of a threshing machine.

A sheriff's posse came upon the Williams brothers, outlaws, who had taken refuge in the woods near Eau Galle, Minn. In the fight which followed Sheriff Doolittle and two of his men were killed, while the outlaws escaped.

Bishop Philip Klingen Smith, at one time of high standing and influence in the Mormon church, and the exposer of the Mountain Meadow massacre and a participant therein, is dead. His body was found in a prospect hole in Sonora, Mexico, under circumstances indicating murder. Bishop Smith has died as he expected. After convicting John D. Lee of the Mountain Meadow massacre he said: "I know the church will kill me sooner or later—it is only a question of time." After returning from the trial by order of the church his wife left him, and he started South and lived in Arizona. In that Territory two attempts were made to kill him.

Montpelier, in Virginia, the former home and burial-place of President Madison, has been sold at public auction for $20,000.

At Tiptonville, Tenn., Felix Wylie, who had assaulted a young woman, was taken from jail by a crowd of 150 men and hanged to a tree.

A United States marshal has captured Thomas Andrews, called "King of the Moonshiners," who has long been operating in Baxter county, Ark. Andrews has caused the government great trouble, and the stories of his career would fill a volume. He once murdered a United States marshal in Tennessee, after which he fled to Arkansas.

The first legal execution took place at Leadville, Col., a few days ago, Frank Gilbert and Merrick Rosencrantz suffering the extreme penalty of the law for murder.

United States troops have been sent to the Indian Territory to aid in expelling white intruders.

A fire at Whitehall, Mich., swept almost the entire length of the main business street. Nearly every business house was burned out, the damage being estimated at $150,000.

The desperate condition of affairs in Perry county, Ark., and the defiance of law and order, have resulted in Governor Churchill's placing the county under martial law. A few outlaws, by threats and intimidation, have inaugurated a reign of terror, and the officers of the law are powerless to punish them.

The steamers Idlewild and Osceola Belle, at Memphis, were destroyed by fire.

George W. Tabb, foreman of the jury that convicted John Brown on October 31, 1859, died a few days ago at Harrisonburg, Va.

From Washington

A consular report from Aix La Chapelle says that the outlook for the crops in Rhenish Prussia is very bad, and that American wheat has successfully competed with German rye.

The United States government has intimated its disinclination to join in the proposed general representation on the subject of the treatment of the Jews in Russia, on the ground that it has already instructed its minister to Russia on the subject.

The secretary of the treasury has issued orders to the collectors at New York and Boston instructing them to make every effort to discover the consignors of the infernal machines shipped to Liverpool.

Colonel John C. Burch, the secretary of the United States Senate, died suddenly a few days ago from disease of the heart. Colonel Burch was a well-known politician and journalist of Nashville, Tenn., and had held his office since March, 1879.

During the last fiscal year the exports of merchandise from the United States amounted to $902,000,000, the largest on record, and the imports to $642,000,000.

The *Law Reporter*, a weekly published in Washington, has an editorial article on "Assault with Intent to Kill," in which the inadequacy, defects and incompleteness of the criminal code of the District of Columbia are pointed out, but which reaches the conclusion that instead of the maximum penalty for Guiteau's offense being eight, or in case of two indictments sixteen years, it is, according to law, twenty years' imprisonment.

On the 1st inst. Secretary Blaine had become so confident of the President's recovery that he cabled to Minister Lowell at London, informing him that no more daily telegrams concerning the President's condition would be sent.

Foreign News.

Fresh persecutions and pillaging of Jews in the Russian government of Poltava are reported. Seventeen villages have been entirely deserted.

The leading English papers have articles on the shipment of infernal machines calling the attention of the United States government to the case.

A great cattle plague is causing much alarm in Russia.

Three vessels were wrecked and thirty persons drowned during a terrific gale at East London, South Africa.

Midhat Pasha and all the others convicted of the murder of the late sultan, except the two actual assassins and Izzet Pasha and Syed Pasha, who were implicated in the crime, have been sent to Arabia as exiles for life.

Another plot to assassinate the czar has been discovered in St. Petersburg and many arrests have followed. An ex-Nihilist who betrayed his companions was murdered.

Thirty houses belonging to Jews at the villages of Horispol and Birizan, in the Russian government of Poltava, have been destroyed. The troops fired upon the rioters, four of whom were killed and two wounded.

The British ship Orifiamme, from London to San Francisco, took fire from the spontaneous combustion of the cargo and was burned off the Peruvian coast.

Within a fortnight five duels have been fought in Germany, the last one being between a student and an army officer. The men fought with pistols, and the student was killed.

The census returns show the population of Canada to be 4,350,933, an increase of 680,498 during the past ten years.

An Irish landlord named Swanton was shot and mortally wounded near Ballydehob.

The French consul at Constantinople has arrested an Arab sheik upon whom were found documents showing the existence of a vast Moslem conspiracy against the French in Africa.

Chemical Paradoxes.

We are accustomed to associate the idea of combustibility with paper. If it be wrapped tightly around a metallic rod it can be held in a gas-flame without burning. The metal carries the heat away from it as fast as applied, becoming hot itself. After a while it will reach a temperature, provided the flame is large enough, at which the paper will burn. The same phenomenon can be more strikingly exhibited by making a vessel of paper, filling it with water, and applying heat. No matter how hot the flame over which it is placed may be, it will not burn. The water will boil, and the heat be absorbed, or rendered latent, in the production of steam. An egg can thus be boiled in a paper saucepan. A sieve may be made to hold water or to float. If the interstices are very fine and the wire bright and dry, the water will not wet it, because a film of air will adhere to the wires. The lower surface of the water is divided by the meshes into a number of little spheroidal projections, in which the capillary force or internal gravitation and also cohesion come into play. These hold the water together so that some considerable power is required to force the water through the meshes. Thus we can put quite a quantity of water in a fine sieve, or place one in water, and it will float. If the wires are not perfectly bright we may distribute over their surface some powder which water will not wet. The dust of bituminous coal is excellent. Carrying out this principle, needles, if bright, may be made to float without the least trouble, and will float for a long time.

Water is to be made to boil by cold. A flask half full of water is maintained at ebullition for some minutes. It is removed from the source of heat, corked, inverted and placed in one of the rings of a retort stand. If cold water is poured on the upturned bottom of the flask the fluid will start into violent ebullition. The upper portion of the flask is filled with steam which maintains a certain pressure on the water. By cooling the upper portion of the flask some of this is condensed, and the pressure reduced. The temperature at which water boils varies with the pressure. When it is reduced, water boils at a lower heat. By pouring the cold water over the flask we condense the steam so that the water is hot enough to boil at the reduced pressure. To assert that water boils by the application of cold is a chemical sophism.—*Scientific American.*

The Line of Beauty.

Professor Muller, in a course of lectures in Berlin, offered a simple and mechanical explanation of the universal admiration bestowed on circles. The eye is moved in its socket by six muscles, of which four are respectively employed to raise, depress, turn to the right and to the left. The other two have an action contrary to each other, and roll the eye on its axis, or from the outside downward, and inside upward. When, therefore, an object is presented for inspection, the first act is that of circumvolution, or going round the boundary lines, so as to bring consecutively every individual portion of the circumference upon the most delicate and sensitive portions of the retina. Now, if figures bounded by straight lines be presented for inspection, it is obvious that but two of these muscles can be called into action; and it is equally evident that in curves of a circle or ellipse all must alternately be brought into action. The effect then is that if two only be employed, as in rectillinear figures, those two have an undue share of labor; and by repeating the experiment frequently, as we do in childhood, the notion of tedium is instilled, a distaste for straight lines is gradually formed, and we are led to prefer those curves which supply a more general and equable share of work to the muscles.

Smoking in Mexico.

A correspondent, writing from Mexico, says: The one universal habit in Mexico is smoking. Cigars are very cheap and very bad, and everybody smokes. Pipes are unknown, but cigarettes are rolled and smoked constantly. A good cigar costs five cents, the best ten cents; *puros* are three or four for a real—twelve and a-half cents. Everybody carries a cigar in his mouth and a handful in his pocket, and they smoke on the cars and at dinner and everywhere. Calling by appointment at the house of a wealthy gentleman I threw away my cigar at the door, before being shown into a very handsome library. Our host came in smoking, shook hands and immediately looked around, turned over two or three boxes, selected a couple of pure Havanas and offered them as a matter of course. The president's reception hour is from 1 to 2, and at 1:30 we found the linen floor-cloth in the ante-room littered with cigarette ends. I have heard that the last appeal of a beggar is to tell you that he has not had a smoke for two days, but that extremity of destitution I have not yet seen. Smoking covers a multitude of smells, fortunately, and for my part I think I could not stand the glorious climate a week if I had not the protection of a cigar.

[Wilmington (Del.) Daily Republican.]

Mrs. Adam Grubb, 231 Walnut street, has been a great sufferer for a number of years from extreme pain in the feet, something like rheumatism. She was also very much troubled with corns and bunions. It was with great difficulty that she could walk, and sometimes when she would visit her husband's shoe store or any of her children, she could not get home again without assistance, and often when she was walking along the streets she would be seized with such acute pain that she was compelled to stop in at the neighbors on the way until she got better. Some two weeks ago she heard of the wonderful cures St. Jacobs Oil was effecting, and she at once commenced to use it and experienced great relief immediately. The pains have left her feet and ankles and the inflammation has left the corns and bunions. She is now tripping up to her husband's shoe store and out to see her children without experiencing any pain.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, is a great admirer of the Paris *Figaro*, and frequently drops in of an evening to see the staff at work, always ending her call by inviting the force out to a banquet at her expense. We don't see how an editor can work with a queen rummaging round the office knocking over type and reading manuscript that is none of her business. It would annoy us to death.—*Peck's Sun.*

[Cambridgeport (Mass.) American Protestant.]

A lady friend of ours called the other day and stated that her husband had seen St. Jacobs Oil advertised in our paper; he used it for rheumatism and was convinced of its merits.

Secretary Kirkwood has appointed Frank La Fesche, a brother of Bright Eyes, the Ponca maiden, to a clerkship in the Indian bureau.

Miserableness.

The most wonderful and marvelous success in cases where persons are sick or pining away from a condition of miserableness, that no one knows what ails them (profitable patients for doctors), is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored. Whoever is afflicted in this way need not suffer when they can get Hop Bitters. See "Truths and "Proverbs" in another column

Two persons have given $5,000 and $10,000 respectively, to carry out the plan for a homœopathic hospital for women and children at Boston.

25 Cents Will Buy

a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent